



THE ENGLISH WORKS OF
GEORGE HERBERT

IN SIX VOLUMES

VI



W. Wilson & Co., Photo.

THE ENGLISH WORKS OF

George Herbert

EDITED BY JOHN GOSWOLD

IN THREE VOLUMES
VOLUME II



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*Exterior of Bemerton Church, with road running between it and
the Rectory. See Vol. I, p. 40.*

THE ENGLISH WORKS OF
George Herbert

EDITED BY GEORGE HERBERT PALMER

VOLUME SIX
BEMERTON POEMS



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X

SUFFERING

PREFACE

IN one of the closing poems of the preceding Group, **THE CROSSE**, Herbert complains that ill health is crippling his powers and rendering him unfit for work. Undoubtedly illness had much to do with the restlessness and despondency which the poems of Group IX describe. The fear of it had long been in his mind, and was expressed as early as 1622 in that letter to his mother from which I have already quoted. During the Crisis period it comes out in **THE PRIESTHOOD** as another reason for hesitation when he is just coming to a decision.

*Should I presume
To wear thy habit, the severe attire
My slender compositions might consume.
I am both foul and brittle.*

Herbert's constitution was naturally frail. Speaking of his *sicknesses* in **EASTER WINGS** he says, *My tender age in sorrow did beginne*. In the letter of 1610 to his mother he mentions *my late ague*. In 1617 he writes his stepfather: *You know I was sick last vacation, neither am I yet recovered, so that I am fain ever and anon to buy somewhat tending towards my health*. Walton says that "He had often de-

sign'd to leave the University and decline all Study, which he thought did impair his health, for he had a body apt to a Consumption and to Fevers and other infirmities." Later, Walton writes: "About the year 1629 Mr. Herbert was seiz'd with a sharp Quotidian Ague. He became his own Physitian and cur'd himself of his Ague by forbearing Drink, and not eating any Meat, no not Mutton nor a Hen or Pidgeon, unless they were salted. And by such a constant Dyet he remov'd his Ague, but with inconveniencies that were worse; for he brought upon himself a disposition to Rheumes and other weaknesses and a supposed Consumption."

Probably this severe illness occurred somewhat earlier in the Crisis period than Walton here states; for Herbert married in March, 1629, and Walton in another passage says that before "he declar'd his resolution both to marry and to enter into the Sacred Orders of Priesthood . . . his health was apparently improv'd to a good degree of strength and chearfulness." In any case, it was but a few years later that he undertook his work at Bemerton with consumption well under way. The seeds of it were provided by his natural constitution; its development was advanced by the physical and mental experiences of the Crisis; and its end was assured by his taking up a new and anxious form of life under circumstances where introspection and depression were inevitable.

There is no sharp dividing line parting this Group of poems from the preceding. They are separated rather by the varying degrees of emphasis laid on motives common to the two. Throughout them both ring notes of disappointment over the priesthood, despondency, rebellion, dulness, self-reproach, penitence, mental perplexity, bodily pain, fear of God's alienation, and the bitterness of lifelong purposes coming to an end. This sad material I have tried to set in order. The poems which are chiefly dominated by the earlier emotions mentioned, I place in Group IX; those ruled by the later, in Group X. In the former, the mental side of his distress is uppermost,—his intellectual discontent. In the second, physical suffering declares itself, which still, after the manner of the love-poets, he attributes to some possible fault in himself and negligence on the part of the great Friend.

It is noticeable how comparatively slight a place in these laments Herbert gives to regrets for the broken priesthood. While it seems certain that two clear purposes ran together throughout Herbert's life, the purpose to be a priest and that to be a poet, the former remained only a purpose until twelve thirteenths of his short life were gone. The latter passed out of the stage of resolution and became a diligently prosecuted reality as early as 1610. That his poetic work is to end he mourns in *GRIEF*, *DULNESSE*, and *THE FORERUNNERS*, and to it he

alludes at the close of *THE FLOWER*. But there is little direct mention of the cessation of his priestly work. I think this must be explained by the highly individualistic conception of religion which he held. Repeatedly I have pointed out how his holy aspirations confine themselves to drawing close the ties between God and his own soul. Possibly he may have regarded these essentially personal relations as those best fitted for expression in poetry. At any rate, it is of his own salvation that he regularly speaks. He will be God's child; will love Him and be loved. The desire to sanctify himself for the sake of others rarely appears. We cannot comprehend a great nature unless we are willing to observe its limitations. Herbert shared those of his age. Its noblest work was to take the single soul and set it before God. Piety as personal allegiance was its special Gospel, a partial Gospel no doubt, as are the thoughts about religion of each succeeding age. But partial as it was, it was a real and weighty part, and it made a permanent contribution to the spiritual resources of our race. His priesthood Herbert accordingly thought of as primarily the dedication of himself to God. When it appeared that God wanted him not here, but above, he experienced few regrets over priestly work left undone. Regrets he has. Sighs and groans abound. But they are those of the lover conscious of his own lack of desert, and uncertain whether at last he may find favor in the loved one's sight.

On the other hand, Herbert has for more than twenty years been studious of poetry. In it he has been conscious of something more like public service than even the priesthood yielded. The latter has been principally a means of effecting his own salvation; the former, of obeying the laws of beauty, and counteracting certain evil tendencies of his time. To its delicate demands he still steadily holds himself. These closing cries of pain are guarded, and given as beautiful a form as ever *THE ELIXER* or *MORTIFICATION* had in the proud Cambridge days. I find no falling off, no slovenliness, in all this preoccupied period. *THE FLOWER* is one of his most subtly beautiful pieces, though declaring itself to be very late. And *THE FORERUNNERS*, *VERTUE*, *LIFE*, and *THE GLANCE*, which I believe must stand in the Death Group, stand also in the very front rank of Herbert's performance.

I have already indicated the scheme of my arrangement. It follows the gradually increasing prominence of the consciousness of bodily ill. There runs through the early poems of the Group — *GRIEVE NOT*, *CONFESSION*, *THE STORM*, *COMPLAINING* — a fear that God has withdrawn Himself. This changes in the *AFFLICTIONS*, *SIGHS AND GRONES*, and *LONGING*, to a sense of physical pain, a pain which he believes, though sent by God, is sent in love. In *THE GLIMPSE*, *A PARODIE*, *JOSEPH'S COAT*, and *JESU*, there springs up a kind of

tender playfulness between him, the sufferer, and the Friend who brings the bitter gift. And in one of the sweet intervals of suffering, reported in **THE FLOWER**, full joy and peace are felt in the presence of the loved one.

SUFFERING

INTRODUCTORY:

In contrast with Revelation x, 9, God's dealings with us, if bitter at first, are sweet afterwards. A poem similarly paradoxical is CLASPING OF HANDS, V, 37.

DATE:

Not found in W.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

Contradictions involved in the life of love. 2 Corinthians iv, 8-10, and vi, 10.

BITTER-SWEET

AH my deare angrie Lord,
Since thou dost love, yet strike,
Cast down, yet help afford,
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise; 5
I will bewail, approve;
And all my sowre-sweet dayes
I will lament, and love.

INTRODUCTORY:

Another poem with this title is given, V, 117.

DATE:

Not found in W.

METRE:

Unique, but differs only in rhyming system from THE JEWS, V, 109. Equally wide rhymes are found in UNGRATEFULNESSE, IV, 39; COMPLAINTING, VI, 27; SIGHS AND GRONES, VI, 37.

SUBJECT:

God's ways are incomprehensible, made so by the incomprehensibility of our own. The first stanza describes God's ways, the second ours. As God's are always connected, the lines are inwoven (as in A WREATH, IV, 115). But ours are essentially disjointed and contradictory. Ezekiel xviii, 25, 29.

NOTES:

7. Thou givest me a fitting return for my own waywardness. The former four paradoxes seemed, these four are, insoluble.
9. *Mean*=intend, aim at. So THE CHURCH-PORCH, III, 53, l. 334. For the thought, cf. LOVE UNKNOWN, V, 183, l. 59; THE METHOD, V, 197, l. 15.
11. Cf. AFFLICTION, IV, 139, l. 48, and THE ANSWER, IV, 147, l. 7.

JUSTICE

I CANNOT skill of these thy wayes.

Lord, thou didst make me, yet thou woundest me ;

*Lord, thou dost wound me, yet thou dost relieve
me ;*

Lord, thou relievest, yet I die by thee ; 4

Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprieve me.

But when I mark my life and praise,

Thy justice me most fitly payes ;

For *I do praise thee, yet I praise thee not ;*

My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers stray ;

I would do well, yet sinne the hand hath got ; 10

My soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.

I cannot skill of these my wayes.

14 GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT

INTRODUCTORY:

Cf. Vaughan's Jesus Weeping. One other poem Herbert has entitled with a verse of Scripture, OUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD, IV, 79.

DATE:

Not found in W.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

That God is grieved over my sins shall make me grieve the more. Cf. AFFLICTION, VI, 31, l. 15. The Holy Spirit is addressed in the first stanza, himself in the next three, God in the last two.

NOTES:

1. *Dove*, the emblem of the Holy Spirit, as in WHITSUNDAY, III, 157, l. 1.
5. *I*, emphatic, in contrast with God.— In three other passages in which a *worm* is mentioned (THE CHURCH-PORCH, III, 55, l. 339; PEACE, IV, 173, l. 17; CHURCH-RENTS AND SCHISMES, V, 105, l. 3) it appears as a destructive creature. Here and in THE CHURCH-PORCH, III, 45, l. 261, and in SIGHS AND GRONES, VI, 37, l. 5, it is a type of insignificance. Psalm xxii, 6.
10. Tears being impossible in death (DEATH, IV, 59, l. 12), as long as you weep you may live. Or if, my heart, you do separate from the body, then melt

GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT, &c.

(EPHESIANS VI, 30)

AND art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
 When I am sowre
 And crosse thy love?
Grieved for me? The God of strength and power
 Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread 5
 I passe away and leave it dead?

Then weep mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve.
 Weep foolish heart,
 And weeping live.
For death is drie as dust. Yet if ye part, 10
 End as the night whose sable hue
 Your sinnes expresse: melt into dew.

into such drops as mark the close of night. The same allusion in CHURCH-RENTS AND SCHISMES, V, 107, l. 30.

15. As punctuated here and in ed. 1633 this must mean, "Give mirth no answer."
19. The *lute* was the favorite musical instrument of Herbert's day, chiefly employed, like our guitar, to furnish accompaniment to song. It was pear-shaped, with a rounded back and many strings. In THE TEMPLE Herbert names it four times and alludes to it as many more.
23. So THE CHURCH-FLOORE, V, 167, l. 15.
24. *Bowels*=pity, sympathy.
28. If water never ceases to run from a spring, and run not merely to relieve thirst, what shall I do who have much greater need to cleanse myself by continual flowing? DENIAL, IV, 95, l. 27, has *Deferre no time*.
30. *I am no Crystall*=not clear and free from stain.
31. *Still*=always.

When sawcie mirth shall knock or call at doore,
Cry out, Get hence,
Or cry no more. 15
Almightie God doth grieve, he puts on sense.
I sinne not to my grief alone,
But to my God's too; he doth grone.

Oh take thy lute, and tune it to a strain
Which may with thee 20
All day complain.
There can no discord but in ceasing be.
Marbles can weep; and surely strings
More bowels have then such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge my self to tears and grief, 25
Ev'n endlesse tears
Without relief.

If a cleare spring for me no time forbears,
But runnes although I be not drie,
I am no Crystall, what shall I? 30

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail
Nature denies,
And flesh would fail
If my deserts were masters of mine eyes, 34
Lord, pardon, for thy sonne makes good
My want of tears with store of bloud.

DATE:

Not found in W.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

No peace in secret sin.

NOTES:

5. *Till*=a compartment within a drawer, usually for money. Cf. UNGRATEFULNESSE, IV, 41, l. 29.
8. *Work and winde*. Herbert uses this combination twice elsewhere, JORDAN, III, 93, l. 13, and THE WORLD, IV, 23, l. 13, and characteristically modified in BUSINESSE, V, 139, l. 9.
12. A curious parallel in JACULA PRUDENTUM: *Wealth is like rheum ; it falls on the weakest part.*

CONFESSION

O WHAT a cunning guest
Is this same grief! Within my heart I made
Closets; and in them many a chest;
And like a master in my trade,
In those chests, boxes; in each box, a till: 5
Yet grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No scrue, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and winde
As God's afflictions into man,
When he a torture hath design'd. 10
They are too subtill for the subt'llest hearts,
And fall, like rheumes, upon the tendrest parts.

14. The *mole* is again mentioned in GRACE, IV, 107, l. 13.
15. Cf. THE AGONIE, V, 153, l. 12.
17. *Keyes*. 'This is Herbert's regular pronunciation (EASTER, III, 153, l. 11; H. COMMUNION, III, 195, l. 21). He may seem to give it our sound in THE PEARL, IV, 177, l. 9, and LONGING, VI, 45, l. 48, but probably does not.
19. *All his house knowes that there is no help for a fault done but confession*: COUNTRY PARSON, X.
22. This rhyme occurs again in CONTENT, IV, 151, l. 20.
29. *Them=day* and *diamond*.
30. *To=*compared to.

We are the earth, and they,
Like moles within us, heave, and cast about;
And till they foot and clutch their prey 15
They never cool, much lesse give out.
No smith can make such locks but they have keyes.
Closets are halls to them; and hearts, high-ways.

Onely an open breast
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter. 20
Or, if they enter, cannot rest
But quickly seek some new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no fastning have, but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sinnes, 25
Lord, I acknowledge. Take thy plagues away.
For since confession pardon winnes,
I challenge here the brightest day,
The clearest diamond. Let them do their best,
They shall be thick and cloudie to my breast. 30

DATE:

The natural place for this poem seems to be here, because it pictures distresses of the inner life, and is not included in W. But it may have been written shortly after ARTILLERIE, IV, 157, and THE STARRE, IV, 161, and still not have been copied into W.

METRE:

Used also in EASTER, III, 153.

SUBJECT:

The calm of God's abode invaded by human supplication.

NOTES:

6. *Object*=objectify, set before their faces.
7. *Storms*=meteor showers, like those which give occasion to the poems, ARTILLERIE, IV, 157, and THE STARRE, IV, 161. The reason for mentioning them here, however, is not very plain. Perhaps having spoken in the previous verse of tempests of wind and rain as storms *here below*, his thought passes on to the celestial storms as more nearly resembling those with which he proposes to assail high heaven.
12. So *reversed thunder* of PRAYER, III, 181, l. 6.
13. The *musick* here may be that *musick in the spheres* mentioned in ARTILLERIE, IV, 157, l. 9, or the *tunes* mentioned in GRATEFULNESSE, V, 43, l. 22, or most probably the acclamations of Revelation v, 13.

THE STORM

If as the windes and waters here below
Do flie and flow,
My sighs and tears as busie were above,
Sure they would move
And much affect thee, as tempestuous times 5
Amaze poore mortals and object their crimes.

Starres have their storms, ev'n in a high degree,
As well as we.
A throbbing conscience spurred by remorse 9
Hath a strange force.
It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
Dares to assault thee and besiege thy doore.

There it stands knocking, to thy musick's wrong,
And drowns the song.
Glorie and honour are set by till it 15
An answer get.
Poets have wrong'd poore storms. Such dayes are
best;
They purge the aire without, within the breast.

DATE:

Not found in W.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

The Christian Temple, in contrast with the Jewish, is built within the heart, and has human aspirations for its liturgy. 1 Corinthians iii, 16; 2 Corinthians vi, 16; Revelation xxi, 22; John ii, 21. For other places where Herbert uses the word *temple*, see note on THE WINDOWS, V, 15, l. 3.

NOTES:

9. Habakkuk i, 3, 4.
17. 1 Kings vii, 23, 51; Acts vii, 47, 48.
21. *Quick*=living in contrast with *dead*, l. 20. The thought occurs again in GRATEFULNESSE, V, 43, l. 19.

SION

LORD, with what glorie wast thou serv'd of old,
When Solomon's temple stood and flourished!

Where most things were of purest gold.

The wood was all embellished
With flowers and carvings, mysticall and rare. 5
All show'd the builder's, crav'd the seer's care.

Yet all this glorie, all this pomp and state
Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim;

Something there was that sow'd debate.

Wherefore thou quitt'st thy ancient claim, 10
And now thy Architecture meets with sinne;
For all thy frame and fabrick is within.

There thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
Which sometimes crosseth thee, thou sometimes it.

The fight is hard on either part. 15

Great God doth fight, he doth submit.
All Solomon's sea of brasse and world of stone
Is not so deare to thee as one good grone.

And truly brasse and stones are heavie things,
Tombes for the dead, not temples fit for thee. 20

But grones are quick and full of wings,

And all their motions upward be.

And ever as they mount, like larks they sing.
The note is sad, yet musick for a king.

DATE:

Not found in W.

METRE:

Unique. In each pair of verses the last lines rhyme together, while the third line of each stanza is broken in the middle.

SUBJECT:

Why so severe,—great as thou art and I so small?

NOTES:

3. So SUBMISSION, V, 205, l. 1, and 1 Corinthians i, 24.
5. So in DENIALL, IV, 95, l. 16.
7. *The deed and storie*=all that has ever been done and said, corresponding with *power and wisdom* of l. 3.
13. Shall I have but a single attribute, grief, corresponding to thine only one, justice?
16. Feeble and brief as I am, make me less so or more. So GRACE, IV, 107, l. 22. The rhyming of the stanza expresses these alternatives.

COMPLAINING

Do not beguile my heart,
Because thou art
My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame,
Because I am 4
Thy clay that weeps, thy dust that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glorie.
The deed and storie
Are both thy due. But I a silly flie,
That live or die
According as the weather falls. 10

Art thou all justice, Lord?
Shows not thy word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or crie?
Have I no parts but those of grief? 15

Let not thy wrathfull power
Afflict my houre,
My inch of life. Or let thy gracious power
Contract my houre,
That I may climbe and finde relief. 20

INTRODUCTORY:

Besides the poems which follow, two others with this title are given, IV, 43 and 135.

DATE:

Not found in W.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

The same as that of THE THANKSGIVING, IV, 83, the impossibility of matching Christ's sufferings with our own. Only the turn is added here: Why, then, should I have these perpetual and useless griefs?

NOTES:

5. 1 Corinthians xv, 31. In partial payment of thy death, I die daily during a life as long as Methuselah's.
10. They would show a color less vivid than thy blood-stained sweat. Luke xxii, 44. Cf. JUSTICE, V, 117, l. 5.
15. *Imprest*=earnest-money. From the French *prêt*=ready. "Earnest-money was called prest-money, and to give a man such money was to imprest him:" Skeat.

AFFLICTION

KILL me not ev'ry day,
Thou Lord of life; since thy one death for me
Is more then all my deaths can be,
Though I in broken pay
Die over each houre of Methusalem's stay. 5

If all men's tears were let
Into one common sewer, sea, and brine,
What were they all compar'd to thine?
Wherein if they were set, 9
They would discolour thy most bloudy sweat.

Thou art my grief alone,
Thou Lord, conceal it not. And as thou art
All my delight, so all my smart.
Thy crosse took up in one,
By way of imprest, all my future mone. 15

DATE:

Not found in W.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

Fellowship of Christ in our sufferings. Cf. GRIEVE
NOT, VI, 15.

NOTES:

7. Job xxxiii, 4.
8. *My tallies*=my measure, how much breath I can spare.
9. *What's then behinde?*=what is there left?
10. Referring to the popular belief that strength is impaired by sighing. So H. COMMUNION, III, 197 l. 31, L'ENVOY, VI, 141, l. 14, and Shakespeare Hamlet, iv, 7: "Like a spendthrift sigh that hurts by easing."
17. Those who bemoan thy sufferings on the cross disparage what thou art doing for us now; for thou diest daily. 1 Corinthians xv, 31.

AFFLICTION

My heart did heave, and there came forth, O
God !

By that I knew that thou wast in the grief,
To guide and govern it to my relief,
Making a scepter of the rod.

Hadst thou not had thy part, 5
Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

But since thy breath gave me both life and shape,
Thou knowst my tallies; and when there's assign'd
So much breath to a sigh, what's then behinde?

Or if some yeares with it escape, 10
The sigh then onely is
A gale to bring me sooner to my blisse.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still
Constant unto it, making it to be
A point of honour now to grieve in me, 15
And in thy members suffer ill.

They who lament one crosse,
Thou dying dayly, praise thee to thy losse.

INTRODUCTORY:

In W. this poem is entitled TENTATION.

DATE:

Not found in W. Possibly l. 25-28 allude to his being in the priesthood.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

"Unite my heart to fear thy name:" Psalm lxxxvi,
11.

NOTES:

3. Psalm xxxi, 12.

4. Psalm lxxi, 7.

9. *Scatter'd*. My thoughts sprinkle my heart with piercing pains, as watering-pots do flowers with life-giving drops.

AFFLICTION

BROKEN in pieces all asunder,
Lord, hunt me not,
A thing forgot,
Once a poore creature, now a wonder,
A wonder tortur'd in the space 5
Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scatter'd smart,
As watring pots give flowers their lives. 10
Nothing their furie can controll
While they do wound and prick my soul.

13. *All my attendants*=the many physical functions which wait upon my life. He rightly connects his melancholy with bodily disturbance.
15. Before my very face.
18. Contend with one another.
25. As described in l. 13.
30. And — what is better still — reach thee.

All my attendants are at strife,
 Quitting their place
 Unto my face. 15

Nothing performs the task of life.
 The elements are let loose to fight,
 And while I live trie out their right.

Oh help, my God! Let not their plot
 Kill them and me, 20
 And also thee,

Who art my life. Dissolve the knot,
 As the sunne scatters by his light
 All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powers which work for grief
 Enter thy pay, 26
 And day by day

Labour thy praise and my relief;
 With care and courage building me,
 Till I reach heav'n, and much more thee.

DATE:

Not found in W. Is *thy steward* of l. 8 a priest?

METRE:

Unique. Equally wide rhymes are found in UN-GRATEFULNESSE, IV, 39, in JUSTICE, VI, 13, and in COMPLAINING, VI, 27.

SUBJECT:

An appeal for mercy on grounds of insignificance.

NOTES:

9. *Stock* may mean tree trunk, as in GRACE, IV, 107, l. 1. But more probably it has its agricultural meaning, of cattle on a farm.

SIGHS AND GRONES

O do not use me
After my sinnes! Look not on my desert,
But on thy glorie! Then thou wilt reform
And not refuse me; for thou onely art
The mightie God, but I a sillie worm. 5
O do not bruise me!

O do not urge me!
For what account can thy ill steward make?
I have abus'd thy stock, destroy'd thy woods,
Suckt all thy magazens. My head did ake, 10
Till it found out how to consume thy goods.
O do not scourge me!

14. Exodus x, 22.

16. *Sow'd fig-leaves.* Genesis iii, 7.

17. Cf. THE PRIESTHOOD, IV, 169, l. 11.

20. *Turn'd*="up-turned, that the dregs may be drunk. The word *full* shows this is the allusion:" A. B. Grosart. But there is also a recollection of Revelation xvi, 1.

28. *Cordiall and Corrosive*=that which renews the life or wastes it away. So Shakespeare: "Care is no cure, but rather corrosive:" 1 Henry VI, iii, 3.

29. *The bitter box*=that which contains *death, judgment, the rod, the corrosive.*

O do not blinde me!

I have deserv'd that an Egyptian night

Should thicken all my powers, because my lust
Hath still sow'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light. 16

But I am frailtie, and already dust.

O do not grinde me!

O do not fill me

With the turn'd viall of thy bitter wrath! 20

For thou hast other vessels full of bloud,
A part whereof my Saviour empti'd hath,
Ev'n unto death. Since he di'd for my good,

O do not kill me!

But O reprieve me! 25

For thou hast *life* and *death* at thy command.

Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour*, *feast* and
rod,

Cordiall and *Corrosive*. Put not thy hand

Into the bitter box, but O my God,

My God, relieve me! 30

INTRODUCTORY:

Set to music by Henry Purcell (1658-1695) in the
Treasury of Music.

DATE:

Not found in W.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

The plan of the poem is to have no plan, but to
be only a succession of disjointed cries, lamenting
absence. The poem bears throughout a general
resemblance to Psalm cii.

NOTES:

9. Genesis iii, 17.

LONGING

WITH sick and famisht eyes,
With doubling knees and weary bones,
 To thee my cries,
 To thee my grones,
To thee my sighs, my tears ascend. 5
 No end?

My throat, my soul is hoarse.
My heart is wither'd like a ground
 Which thou dost curse.
 My thoughts turn round 10
And make me giddie. Lord, I fall,
 Yet call.

From thee all pitie flows.
Mothers are kinde because thou art,
 And dost dispose 15
 To them a part.
Their infants them; and they suck thee
 More free.

- 21. Psalm xxxi, 2.
- 26. Isaiah xlviii, 10. A *furnace* is also mentioned in
LOVE UNKNOWN, V, 181, l. 26.
- 35. Psalm xciv, 9. Cf. DENIALL, IV, 95, l. 14.
- 41. So in THE TEMPER, IV, 109, l. 14, derived from
Genesis ii, 7.

Bowels of pitie, heare!
Lord of my soul, love of my minde, 20
Bow down thine eare!
Let not the winde
Scatter my words, and in the same
Thy name!

Look on my sorrows round! 25
Mark well my furnace! O what flames,
What heats abound!
What griefs, what shames!
Consider, Lord! Lord, bow thine eare
And heare! 30

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree;
O be not now
More dead to me!
Lord heare! *Shall he that made the eare,* 35
Not heare?

Behold, thy dust doth stirre,
It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee.
Wilt thou deferre
To succour me, 40
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumme
Sayes, Come?

45-48. To things hast thou given free rein, locking thyself from all appeal against their course? So in THE COUNTRY PARSON, XXXIV: *Those that he findes in the peaceable state, he adviseth to be very vigilant and not to let go the raines as soon as the horse goes easie.*

49-52. In the divine order of the world, thought of as a kind of book of contracts which assigns to each thing its own procedure, the appealing look of a humble soul has been known to intervene. So PRAYER, III, 181, l. 7.

53. Cf. PROVIDENCE, V, 93, l. 133. The figure of life as a banquet with human beings as the guests was first brought forward by Lucretius, Bk. III, 938:

“Cur non ut plenus vitae conviva recedis
Aequo animoque capis securam, stulte, quietem?”

To thee help appertains.
Hast thou left all things to their course,
And laid the reins 45
Upon the horse?
Is all lockt? Hath a sinner's plea
No key?

Indeed the world's thy book,
Where all things have their lease assign'd;
Yet a meek look 51
Hath interlin'd.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Finde nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die 55
And fall to nothing. Thou dost reigne
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief. Yet am I stil'd
Thy childe. 60

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne
Not to relieve? How can it be
That thou art grown
Thus hard to me?
Were sinne alive, good cause there were 65
To bear.

67. Romans vi, 11.

69. *That* = sin.

70. *These* = thy promises.

79. This iterated rhyme occurs also in l. 19, 30, and 36.

But now both sinne is dead,
And all thy promises live and bide.
That wants his head;
These speak and chide, 70
And in thy bosome poure my tears
As theirs.

Lord JESU, heare my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That ev'ry part 75
Hath got a tongue!
Thy beggars grow; rid them away
To day.

My love, my sweetnesse, heare!
By these thy feet, at which my heart 80
Lies all the yeare,
Pluck out thy dart
And heal my troubled breast which cryes,
Which dyes.

DATE:

Not found in W. See also l. 30.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

The tantalizing shortness of delight. In contrast to the *full-ey'd love* of THE GLANCE, VI, 91, l. 20.

NOTES:

- 8-10. Be not like winds and waves which quickly pass, though hardly blamable. Be rather like flowers which linger. Herbert usually views the flower as a type of fragility. See THE FLOWER, VI, 65.
15. So delight, which should refresh like water, makes me burn the more.

THE GLIMPSE

WHITHER away delight?
Thou cam'st but now; wilt thou so soon depart,
And give me up to night?
For many weeks of lingring pain and smart
But one half houre of comfort for my heart? 5

Me thinks delight should have
More skill in musick and keep better time.
Wert thou a winde or wave,
They quickly go and come with lesser crime. 9
Flowers look about, and die not in their prime.

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but addes to the desire of meat.
Lime begg'd of old (they say)
A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat,
Which by the spring's accesse grew much more
great. 15

19. *This*=the probable brevity of thy stay.
- 23-25. Though fulness of delight is stored in the world to come, yet bliss-bringing glimpses need not too much disclose what rightly is kept sealed.
- 26-28. Do not think thy coming will interfere with work of mine. Grief and sin interfere. While thou art with me, I will keep my wheel in motion, making indeed thy stay seem short, l. 11. If, however, *stay* is used, as frequently by Herbert (HOME, VI, 85, 87, 89, l. 2, 31, 76), in the sense of *be absent*, then the meaning must be, "My wheel is of no importance, if only thy absence be short."
30. *Court*=a place of festival; and probably there is in Herbert's mind the farther suggestion, I shall be borne away from Bemerton to where I formerly was gay.

In hope of thee my heart
Pickt here and there a crumme, and would not die;
But constant to his part
Whenas my fears foretold this, did replie,
A slender thread a gentle guest will tie. 20

Yet if the heart that wept
Must let thee go, return when it doth knock.
Although thy heap be kept
For future times, the droppings of the stock 24
May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spinne,
The wheel shall go so that thy stay be short.
Thou knowst how grief and sinne
Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
Who by thy coming may be made a court! 30

INTRODUCTORY:

In modern parody a serious poem is given a comic turn. The word originally did not imply this debasement. Any readjustment of a poem to a new meaning was a parody. Herbert has here taken one of Donne's exquisite love-songs and recast it in a religious sense. The subject of both poems is the same, — the pain of absence. The first half of Donne's poem, which Herbert copies most closely, runs thus:

“Soul's joy, now I am gone,
And you alone —
Which cannot be,
Since I must leave myself with thee,
And carry thee with me —
Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denies
Each other's sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
When others change to light;
O, give no way to grief,
But let relief
Of mutual love
This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our bodies, not we, move.”

Vaughan has parodied Herbert in more than twenty poems.

A PARODIE

Soul's joy, when thou art gone,
And I alone —
Which cannot be,
Because thou dost abide with me
And I depend on thee — 5

Yet when thou dost suppress
The cheerfulness
Of thy abode,
And in my powers not stirre abroad,
But leave me to my load; 10

O what a damp and shade
Doth me invade!
No stormie night
Can so afflict or so affright
As thy eclipsed light. 15

DATE:

Not found in W. The date of Donne's poem is not known.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

The pain of absence.

NOTES:

- 8. *Abode*: see l. 4.
- 20. The subject of *say* is *Sinne*. Cf. l. 24, 29.
- 23. Cf. ASSURANCE, V, 225, l. 7.

Ah Lord! Do not withdraw,
Lest want of aw
Make Sinne appeare,
And when thou dost but shine lesse cleare,
Say that thou art not here. 20

And then what life I have,
While Sinne doth rave,
And falsly boast
That I may seek but thou art lost,
Thou, and alone thou, know'st. 25

O what a deadly cold
Doth me infold!
I half beleeeve
That Sinne sayes true. But while I grieve,
Thou com'st and dost relieve. 30

DATE:

Not found in W.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

Love is more effective than anger, and more worthy
of thee.

NOTES:

2. Jeremiah x, 24.

12. *Thy book*=the H. Scriptures; see III, 187.

DISCIPLINE

THROW away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath.
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire 5
Unto thine is bent.
I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own, 10
But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep.
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep 15
To the throne of grace.

22. I believe this is the only case where Herbert figures
Love as a man.
27. Love brought Christ from heaven to earth.

Then let wrath remove.
Love will do the deed:
For with love
Stonie hearts will bleed. 20

Love is swift of foot.
Love's a man of warre,
And can shoot,
And can hit from farre.

Who can scape his bow? 25
That which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away thy rod.
Though man frailties hath, 30
Thou art God.
Throw away thy wrath.

INTRODUCTORY:

Joseph's coat was of many colors. Genesis xxxvii, 3.
 In 1640 Thomas Fuller published a volume of sermons under the title of Joseph's Party-Coloured Coat.

DATE:

Not found in W. Last two lines show that it is late.

METRE:

Of seventeen sonnets, six — like this — are in the Shakespearian form.

SUBJECT:

My grief is diverse. If single, it would destroy me;
 but since God gives it the changefulness of joy, I
 can even sing it.

NOTES:

3. I would suggest that in the place of *will* we read *right*. There is no other case in Herbert of a pair of unrhymed lines in a sonnet.
6. *His*=its.
8. *Both*=grief and smart, mental and physical distress. These, having seized my heart, would find means to carry off my body too, claiming both heart and body as theirs.
10. *The race*=same as *runne* of l. 8.
11. Herbert frequently abbreviates *entice* to *tice*; so
 THE FORERUNNERS, VI, 79, l. 21.

JOSEPH'S COAT

WOUNDED I sing, tormented I indite,
 Thrown down I fall into a bed and rest.
 Sorrow hath chang'd its note; such is his will
 Who changeth all things as him pleaseth best.
 For well he knows if but one grief and smart 5
 Among my many had his full career,
 Sure it would carrie with it ev'n my heart,
 And both would runne untill they found a biere
 To fetch the bodie, both being due to grief.
 But he hath spoil'd the race, and giv'n to an-
 guish 10
 One of Joye's coats, ticing it with relief
 To linger in me, and together languish.
 I live to shew his power who once did bring
 My *joyes* to weep, and now my *griefs* to sing.

DATE:

Not found in W.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

Even when broken by calamity, my heart finds rest in Christ. The reverse of this theme is played with in *THE ALTAR*, III, 121, where the unorganized but sacred *parcels* of the heart are seeking unity.

NOTES:

9. Herbert rarely puns. With all his readiness to trace remote intellectual relations, he has no fondness for word-play as has Shakespeare and the majority of his contemporaries. Perhaps in this strange poem he has in mind Donne's *Broken Heart*, especially its last verse with the lines:

"I think my breast hath all
Those pieces still, though they be not unite."

Queen Mary said when dying that if her heart were opened, the word *Calais* would be found there. Browning refers to this saying of Queen Mary's when writing in *De Gustibus*:

"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, 'Italy.'"

JESU

JESU is in my heart, his sacred name
Is deeply carved there. But th' other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n all to pieces; which I went to seek.
And first I found the corner where was *J*, 5
After where *E S*, and next where *U* was
graved.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them; and perceived
That to my broken heart he was *I ease you*,
And to my whole is *J E S U*. 10

INTRODUCTORY:

First sketches of this poem may be found in REPENTANCE, IV, 101, and EMPLOYMENT, IV, 143. Imitated by Vaughan in his Unprofitableness.

DATE:

Not found in W. See also l. 36.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

In liability to change, my soul is like a flower. Job xiv, 2; Psalm ciii, 15; Isaiah xl, 6.

NOTES:

3. *Demean*. Dr. Grosart thinks this equivalent to *demesne* or *domain*. I cannot join it to the context in this sense. May it not be another form of *demeanor* = bearing, or carriage? The passage would then signify: Flowers give positive pleasure by their own gay show, but a negative pleasure also when we recall the wintry time preceding. Cf. Psalm xc, 15. So God's coming gives pleasure, through presence felt and absence remembered.
4. Coleridge, speaking of this whole poem as "delicious," calls attention to the beautiful succession of delayed syllables in the first half of this line.

THE FLOWER

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! Ev'n as the flowers in spring,
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away 5
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground, as flowers depart 10
To see their mother-root when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power, 15
Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amisse,
This or that is; 20
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

10. So in PARENTALIA, V, 13, describing his mother's garden after she has left it, he bids the flowers
Cuncta ad radices redeant, tumulosque paternos.
16. So Wisdom xvi, 13.
18. Turning a funeral knell into a bridal peal.
21. *Spell*=interpret. So THE TEMPER, IV, 113, l. 16, and A DIALOGUE-ANTHEME, VI, 103, l. 4.
25. *Off'ring*=uplifting itself toward.
28. *Joining* to produce tears.
34. The coldest experience on earth is warm compared with thy chilling frown. Same phrase in THE SEARCH, V, 223, l. 53.
36. *In age*. The poem was written late.
39. "The poem, THE FLOWER, is especially affecting, and to me such a phrase as *and relish versing* expresses a sincerity, a reality which I would unwillingly exchange for the more dignified 'and once more love the muse:'" S. T. Coleridge in a letter to W. Collins.
45. *Which*=this knowledge.
48. *Store*, a favorite word with Herbert=abundance, superfluity. Proud through prosperity. Shakespeare in Sonnet LXIV pictures the land bordering the ocean as "Increasing store with loss and loss with store."

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair, 24
Off'ring at heav'n, growing and groning thither;
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-showre,
My sinnes and I joining together.

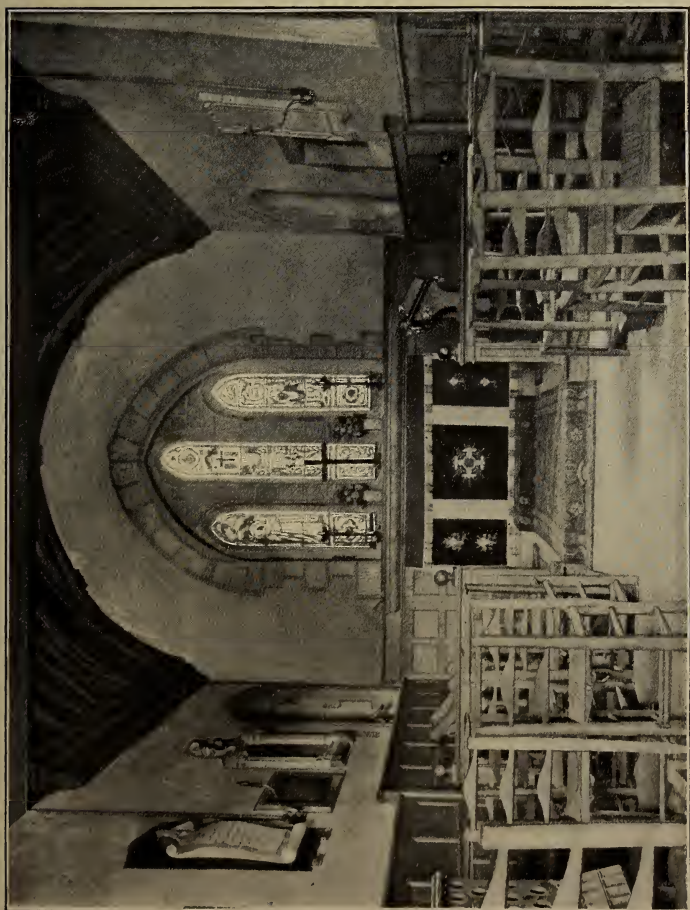
But while I grow in a straight line, 29
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline.
What frost to that? What pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown? 35

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing. O my onely light,
It cannot be 40
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide.
Which when we once can finde and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide. 46
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.



Interior of Bemerton Church. Herbert is buried in the floor on the right of the altar.



XI

DEATH

PREFACE

IN the parish record of Bemerton appears this entry: "Mr. George Herbert Esq., Parson of Fuggleston and Bemerton, was buried 3 day of March 1632." This record is confirmed by Herbert's will, which was proved on March 12, 1632. As the new year then began on Lady Day, March 25, the year would be our 1633. This date is confirmed by Herbert's letter to Ferrar, inclosing his Notes on Valdesso, which bears date of September 29, 1632; and by the will of his niece, which was proved by Herbert in October, 1632. Herbert was instituted on April 26, 1630, so that the life at Bemerton covered almost exactly three years. Aubrey tells how Herbert "was buried (according to his own desire) with the singing service for the burial of the dead, by the singing men of Sarum." He was laid, according to Walton, "in his own Church under the Altar, and cover'd with a Grave-stone without any inscription." He died without issue. His wife, whom Aubrey thought a strikingly handsome woman, a few years later married Sir Robert Cook, and by him had children.

Herbert had long notice of death. Consumption overcame him slowly, and allowed him to retain his mental powers to the last. Until within a few

months of the end, he read Prayers each day in the little chapel opposite his house. And though a month before his death Mr. Duncon, sent by Ferrar, found him unable to sit up, his discourse was such, Mr. Duncon told Walton, "that after almost forty years it remained still fresh in his memory." The Sunday before he died he sang his own songs, accompanying himself as usual on the lute. According to Walton he died without pain, in his last hour speaking with his family and friend about religion, business, and the care of those he was to leave.

To this fact, that Herbert's long dying was a life in death, we owe the splendid series of his death-songs. A few of those included in the preceding Group may possibly belong to the period of Crisis; but the great body of them, and probably all that appear in the present Group, spring from the last year or two of Herbert's life. As we have seen, every phase of his inner moods was interesting to him, and easily became a poetic subject out of which something beautiful might be fashioned. If because our distresses do not so readily put on *a coat of joy*, we sometimes hold it half a sin that Herbert should put in words the grief he feels, we should remember that he published none of his poems, and that in poetry he probably found one of his few defences against pain. *Wounded I sing; tormented I indite*, he says. By objectifying his experiences he detaches himself from them.

Donne in his Triple Fool had tried this palliative:

“As th’ earth’s inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea-water’s fretful salt away,
I thought if I could draw my pains
Through rhyme’s vexation, I should them allay.
Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
For he tames it that fetters it in verse.”

I have thought it well to gather into a brief final Group Herbert’s poems which refer to approaching death. How unlike they are to the clever verses written at Cambridge on the same subject! All the poems of this Group have in them the note of reality, whether like *THE FORERUNNERS* and *LIFE* they mourn the cessation of his verse, like *GRIEF* and *HOME* utter an anguished cry, like *THE GLANCE* and *THE DAWNING* turn to the *sweet originall joy* of God’s love, or like *VERTUE*, *TIME*, and *A DIALOGUE-ANTHEME*, sport with the impotence of death. In all of them there is veritable experience carried up into well-ordered beauty. The methods of Herbert’s *Life* did not forsake him in the leaving of it.

DEATH

INTRODUCTORY:

"Though God had magnified him with extraordinary Gifts, yet said he, *God hath broken into my study and taken off my Chariot wheels. I have nothing worthy of God.*" Oley's Life of Herbert. Cf. DULNESSE, V, 207.

DATE:

Not found in W. He looks back on his work.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

The King's messengers have affixed their mark and seized my beautiful estate. For the King I cultivated it, and I alone offered him such beauty. If he will now take it and me, I am content.

NOTES:

1. *Harbingers* (as in THE CHURCH MILITANT, VI, 125, l. 84), messengers sent before to prepare lodging and announce the coming of the King.—The *mark* here and in l. 35 is the chalking of the door with the royal letters. "Alexander Borgia said of the expedition of the French into Italy that they came with chalk in their hands to mark up their lodgings and not with weapons to force their passage:" Bacon, *Novum Organum*, Bk. I, XXXV.

"Before him a great prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is sent harbinger."

Milton, *Par. Reg.* l. 70.

2. The hair turned gray.

THE FORERUNNERS

THE harbingers are come. See, see their mark!
 White is their colour, and behold my head.
 But must they have my brain? Must they dispark
 Those sparkling notions, which therein were
 bred?

Must dulnesse turn me to a clod? 5
 Yet have they left me, *Thou art still my God.*

Good men ye be to leave me my best room,
 Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there.
 I passe not, I, what of the rest become,
 So *Thou art still my God* be out of fear. 10
 He will be pleased with that dittie;
 And if I please him, I write fine and wittie.

3. *Dispark*; according to THE CHURCH MILITANT, VI, 129, l. 147, *dispark* cannot mean *extinguish sparks*, as might erroneously be inferred from the play on the word *sparkling* in l. 4, but must mean *drive from the inclosure*.
6. Psalm xxxi, 14. A comforting phrase, like those in the note to A TRUE HYMNE, V, 27.
9. *I passe not*=I care not. So Drayton, Elegy of Poets and Poesy, l. 185 (1627):

“Let such pieces be
Spoke of by those that shall come after me,
I pass not for them.”

- Herbert has three other senses of *pass*, i. e. (1) to go beyond, as in THE SEARCH, V, 221, l. 38; (2) to go over, as in THE SEARCH, V, 221, l. 36; (3) to deliver over, as in OBEDIENCE, IV, 181, l. 8. The thought of these two lines is repeated in JACULA PRUDENTUM: *He loseth nothing that loseth not God*.
11. *Dittie*=words, not music; as in THE BANQUET, V, 57, l. 50, and PROVIDENCE, V, 79, l. 9.
13. For the value Herbert set on beautiful diction, see the longer account in JORDAN, III, 91.
- 15, 16. For his early resolve, see TWO SONNETS TO HIS MOTHER, III, 79.
23. The *broider'd coat* again in PEACE, IV, 173, l. 9.
26. *Arras*, the most beautiful of decorations, as *canvas* is the coarsest. So THE CHURCH-PORCH, III, 47, l. 270, and DOTAGE, V, 137, l. 3.

Farewell sweet phrases, lovely metaphors.

But will ye leave me thus? When ye before
Of stews and brothels onely knew the doores, 15
Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,
Brought you to Church well drest and clad.
My God must have my best, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugar-cane,
Hony of roses, whither wilt thou fie? 20
Hath some fond lover tic'd thee to thy bane?
And wilt thou leave the Church and love a stie?
Fie, thou wilt soil thy broider'd coat,
And hurt thy self and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung, 25
With canvas, not with arras clothe their shame.
Let follie speak in her own native tongue.
True beautie dwells on high. Ours is a flame
But borrow'd thence to light us thither. 29
Beautie and beauteous words should go together.

Yet if you go, I passe not. Take your way!
For, *Thou art still my God*, is all that ye
Perhaps with more embellishment can say.
Go birds of spring! Let winter have his fee!
Let a bleak palenesse chalk the doore, 35
So all within be livelier then before.

DATE:

Not found in W. See also l. 10 and 11.

METRE:

Used also in LENT, III, 171.

SUBJECT:

The same as that of VERTUE, VI, 95. Perhaps like the previous poem, a lament that his beautiful work in poetry has been so incomplete.

NOTES:

1. *Posie*=nosegay, as in THE THANKSGIVING, IV, 83, l. 14, but with a double meaning.
7. *Hand* and *heart*=employment and love.
12. Sweetening the sourness of death by the suggestions of the next stanza.
15. *Where the Apothecary useth either for loosing, Rubarb, or for binding, Bolearmena, the Parson useth damask or white Roses for the one, and plantaine, shepherd's purse, knot-grasse for the other, and that with better successe:* THE COUNTRY PARSON, XXIII. So THE ROSE, IV, 187, l. 18, and PROVIDENCE, V, 87, l. 78.

LIFE

I MADE a posie while the day ran by.
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
 My life within this band.
But time did becken to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away 5
 And wither'd in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart.
I took, without more thinking, in good part
 Time's gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey, 10
Making my minde to smell my fatall day,
 Yet sugring the suspicion.

Farewell deare flowers! Sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell or ornament,
 And after death for cures. 15
I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since if my sent be good, I care not if
 It be as short as yours.

INTRODUCTORY:

Compare with the first half of this poem the last part of THE COUNTRY PARSON, XXXIII.

DATE:

Not found in W.

METRE:

Used also in A WREATH, IV, 115, THE ANSWER, IV, 147, and LOVE UNKNOWN, V, 179.

SUBJECT:

Distress so great should have had greater means of expression. Cf. GRIEVE NOT, VI, 17, l. 31-36.

NOTES:

- 1, 2. Jeremiah ix, 1; Lamentations ii, 18.
3. Herbert includes in *grief* bodily as well as mental suffering. Writing to Ferrar four months before his death, he speaks of himself as *in the midst of my griefes*.
5. Cf. CHURCH-RENTS AND SCHISMES, V, 107, l. 29.
10. The *lesse world* — man — is contrasted with the *greater world*. So MAN, IV, 19, l. 47.
15. Let my eyes do the running.
19. Accordingly this line is left without *measure, tune* and *time*. For other cases see A TRUE HYMNE, V 27, l. 20.

GRIEF

O WHO will give me tears ? Come all ye springs,
Dwell in my head and eyes. Come clouds, and
rain.

My grief hath need of all the watry things
That nature hath produc'd. Let ev'ry vein
Suck up a river to supply mine eyes, 5

My weary weeping eyes, too drie for me
Unlesse they get new conduits, new supplies
To bear them out, and with my state agree.
What are two shallow foords, two little spouts
Of a lesse world ? The greater is but small, 10
A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
Which want provision in the midst of all.

Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
For my rough sorrows. Cease, be dumbe and
mute,

• Give up your feet and running to mine eyes, 15
And keep your measures for some lover's lute,
Whose grief allows him musick and a ryme.
For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time.

Alas, my God!

INTRODUCTORY:

The place of rest.

DATE:

Not found in W. Probably written during the last Lenten Season (l. 61 and 73) of his life.

METRE:

Used also in CHURCH-MUSICK, III, 199; CONTENT, IV, 149; DIVINITIE, V, 97; but without refrain.

SUBJECT:

A cry for union: Thou with me here, or I with thee there! The first five stanzas expand the first line of the refrain; the remainder, the second.

NOTES:

2. *Stay*=delay to come.
5. The only double refrain employed by Herbert.
14. Isaiah lxiii, 5.
20. Cf. THE STARRE, IV, 163, l. 31.
22. Cf. MISERIE, IV, 47, l. 8. Perhaps an allusion to Adam and Eve (as in the PRAYER BEFORE SERMON), and also to the apple as the sign of earthly love.

HOME

COME Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is sick,
While thou dost ever, ever stay.
Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick.
My spirit gaspeth night and day.
O show thy self to me, 5
Or take me up to thee!

How canst thou stay, considering the pace
The bloud did make which thou didst
waste?
When I behold it trickling down thy face,
I never saw thing make such haste. 10
O show thy, &c.

When man was lost, thy pitie lookt about
To see what help in th' earth or skie.
But there was none, at least no help without; 15
The help did in thy bosome lie.
O show thy, &c.

There lay thy sonne. And must he leave that nest,
That hive of sweetnesse, to remove 20
Thraldome from those who would not at a feast
Leave one poore apple for thy love?
O show thy, &c.

27. To me, so long ago baptized, wilt thou not appear ?
31. Referring back to l. 2 and 7. If thou abidest absent from me, yet why should I from thee ?
39. For Herbert's use of *wink* see MISERIE, IV, 53, l. 62, and THE COLLAR, V, 213, l. 26. — *Woman-kinde* for him always represents temptation.
51. Men may forget themselves in pleasure; but when they come to their senses, it is to thee they turn.

He did, he came. O my Redeemer deare, 25
 After all this canst thou be strange?
 So many yeares baptiz'd, and not appeare?
 As if thy love could fail or change?
 O show thy, &c.

Yet if thou stayest still, why must I stay? 31
 My God, what is this world to me,
 This world of wo? Hence all ye clouds, away,
 Away! I must get up and see.
 O show thy, &c. 35

What is this weary world, this meat and drink,
 That chains us by the teeth so fast?
 What is this woman-kinde, which I can wink
 Into a blacknesse and distaste? 40
 O show thy, &c.

With one small sigh thou gav'st me th' other day
 I blasted all the joyes about me,
 And scouling on them as they pin'd away, 45
 Now come again, said I, and flout me.
 O show thy, &c.

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and
 brake,
 Which way so-e're I look, I see. 50
 Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
 They dresse themselves and come to thee.
 O show thy, &c.

55. "The harvest is the end of the world:" Matthew xiii, 39. In the next line *leave*, i. e. cease thinking about, is the emphatic word.
61. 2 Corinthians v, 8; Psalm lv, 6.
70. They beg that the rest of me also may accompany them.
76. The rhyme demands *stay* (l. 2), but I demand *come*. A somewhat similar break at the end of DENIALL, IV, 93, and A TRUE HYMNE, V, 27. Nine of the thirteen stanzas of this poem have a rhyme in *a*.

We talk of harvests; there are no such things 55
 But when we leave our corn and hay.
There is no fruitfull yeare but that which brings
 The last and lov'd, though dreadfull day.
 O show thy, &c.

Oh loose this frame, this knot of man untie!
 That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortalitie,
 As an intangled, hamper'd thing.
 O show thy, &c. 65

What have I left that I should stay and grone?
 The most of me to heav'n is fled.
My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,
 And for their old acquaintance plead. 70
 O show thy, &c.

Come dearest Lord, passe not this holy season,
 My flesh and bones and joynts do pray.
And ev'n my verse, when by the ryme and reason
 The word is, *Stay*, sayes ever, *Come!* 76
 O show thy self to me,
 Or take me up to thee!

DATE:

Not found in W. A long period of life has passed,
l. 9.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

The joy I felt when my Love first looked on me has
been my stay in every ill.

NOTES:

4. Probably the self-condemnation is excessive, but that it is not without ground is seen in such poems as VANITIE, IV, 153, and FRAILTIE, IV, 155.
- 5-8. The period here mentioned is described at greater length in the first three stanzas of AFFLICTION, IV, 135.
5. *Sugred* is used again in THE ROSE, IV, 185, l. 2, and DULNESSE, V, 209, l. 21.
7. *Embalme*=bring balm or balsam to. Cf. SUNDAY, III, 175, l. 5.
18. *A mirth*=that of l. 5 and 13.
20. *Full-ey'd* refers back to l. 1. The word is used again in VANITIE, V, 133, l. 7.
21. The line is so splendid that Vaughan has borrowed it for his Misery:

“And with one glance, could he that gain —
To look him out of all his pain.”

THE GLANCE

WHEN first thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsaf'd ev'n in the midst of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie

Weltring in sinne,

I felt a sugred strange delight, 5
Passing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalme, and overrunne my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy, 10
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm

His swing and sway.

But still thy sweet originall joy,
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, controll,
And got the day. 16

If thy first glance so powerfull be,
A mirth but open'd and seal'd up again,
What wonders shall we feel when we shall see
Thy full-ey'd love! 20

When thou shalt look us out of pain;
And one aspect of thine spend in delight
More then a thousand sunnes disburse in light,
In heav'n above.

INTRODUCTORY:

Vaughan has imitated this poem in his Easter Day.

DATE:

Not found in W. Probably written on the last Easter of his life, l. 2, 8, 10.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

On Easter Day the habit of sadness must be abandoned.

NOTES:

9. Unless thou opposest, thou mayst rise with Christ into newness of life.
11. Cf. EASTER, III, 153, l. 3.
12. An opposite word-play to that of THE TEMPER, IV, 109, l. 7.

THE DAWNING

AWAKE sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns!

Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth.
Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns.

Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth,

Awake, awake!

5

And with a thankfull heart his comforts take.

But thou dost still lament, and pine, and crie,
And feel his death, but not his victorie.

Arise sad heart! If thou dost not withstand,

Christ's resurrection thine may be,

10

Do not by hanging down break from the hand

Which as it riseth, raiseth thee.

Arise, arise!

And with his buriall-linen drie thine eyes.

Christ left his grave-clothes that we might, when
grief

15

Draws tears or bloud, not want an handkerchief.

INTRODUCTORY:

This poem has been rewritten by Bishop Horne and by John Wesley. The latter, omitting the poetic audacities of Herbert, has made out of his poem a popular hymn. — “Piscator. And now, scholar, my direction for thy fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining. And now look about you and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells so sweetly too. Come, let me tell you what holy Herbert says of such days and showers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them:” Walton’s Angler, Ch. V.

DATE:

Not found in W. Calm meditations on death.

METRE:

Used also in GRACE, IV, 107.

SUBJECT:

The perpetuity of goodness; which is bright as the day, sweet as the rose, lovely as the spring, but excels them all in never fading.

NOTES:

1. *Sweet* is repeated in each stanza. SUNDAY, III, 175, has a similar opening.
6. A color too bright will sometimes make the eyes blink. There may be an allusion to the same fact in FAITH, IV, 31, l. 38, and in FRAILTIE, IV, 155, l. 16.

VERTUE

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie;
The dew shall weep thy fall to night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave 5
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

7. THE CHURCH-PORCH, III, 47, l. 266, and JOSEPH'S COAT, VI, 61, l. 3, are the only other passages where Herbert uses *its*.
11. *Ye*=days and roses. — *Close* is the technical name for a cadence or conclusion of a musical phrase. So Milton, On the Morning of Christ's Nativity, l. 90:

"The air such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close."
13. In the first three stanzas time is shown to be destructive; then suddenly the whole purpose of the poem appears in the last stanza, where time leaves virtue firm.
14. *Gives*=yields, bends, gives way. The New English Dictionary quotes a case of this usage from B. Googe, 1586: "The olive will give and bend, and so will the poplar, the willow."
15. *Coal*=live coals, i. e. the final conflagration. 2 Peter iii, 10.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie; 10
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal, 15
Then chiefly lives.

INTRODUCTORY:

With this poem compare DEATH, IV, 59.

DATE:

Not found in W.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

Length of days, parting us from God, can never be
the Christian's desire.

NOTES:

4. It has become dulled by use.
10. Cf. PARADISE, V, 39, l. 11.

TIME

MEETING with Time, slack thing, said I,
Thy sithe is dull, whet it for shame.
No marvell, Sir, he did replie,
If it at length deserve some blame. 4
But where one man would have me grinde it,
Twentie for one too sharp do finde it.

Perhaps some such of old did passe,
Who above all things lov'd this life;
To whom thy sithe a hatchet was,
Which now is but a pruning-knife. 10
Christ's coming hath made man thy debter,
Since by thy cutting he grows better.

13. The same thought in DEATH, IV, 61, l. 13-17.
- 17, 18. This looks like a reminiscence of διάκτορος Ἀργειφόντης: Odyssey, XXIV, 1-14.
19. *That*=that which, the full subject being the following line.
20. Philippians i, 23.
22. We should write *lengthens*.
23. *Wants*=lacks, misses. The punishment of hell is twofold, — banishment from God, and positive suffering.
26. Herbert complains of the length of time, figuring it as portentously long since it lies outside eternity. See Revelation x, 6. But the mention of eternity shows Herbert to be seeking something never-ending. The last part of his desire contradicts the first (l. 2), and Time will parley no more. A similar discord is developed in Milton's lines On Time, written about the same date.

And in his blessing thou art blest.

For where thou onely wert before
An executioner at best, 15
Thou art a gard'ner now, and more —
An usher to convey our souls
Beyond the utmost starres and poles.

And this is that makes life so long,
While it detains us from our God. 20
Ev'n pleasures here increase the wrong,
And length of dayes lengthen the rod.
Who wants the place where God doth dwell,
Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length must that needs be
Which ev'n eternitie excludes! 26
Thus farre Time heard me patiently,
Then chafing said, This man deludes:
What do I hear before his doore?
He doth not crave lesse time, but more. 30

DATE:

Not found in W.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

The impotence of death.

NOTES:

1, 2. 1 Corinthians xv, 55.

3. Of history, fame, as in SELF-CONDEMNATION, V,
111, l. 6. The same thought as in CONTENT, IV,
151, l. 25.

6. Hebrews ii, 15.

A DIALOGUE-ANTHEME

*Christian. Death**Chr.* ALAS, poore Death, where is thy glorie?

Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?

Dea. *Alas poore mortall, void of storie,* 3*Go spell and reade how I have kill'd thy King.**Chr.* Poore death! And who was hurt thereby?

Thy curse being laid on him, makes thee accurst.

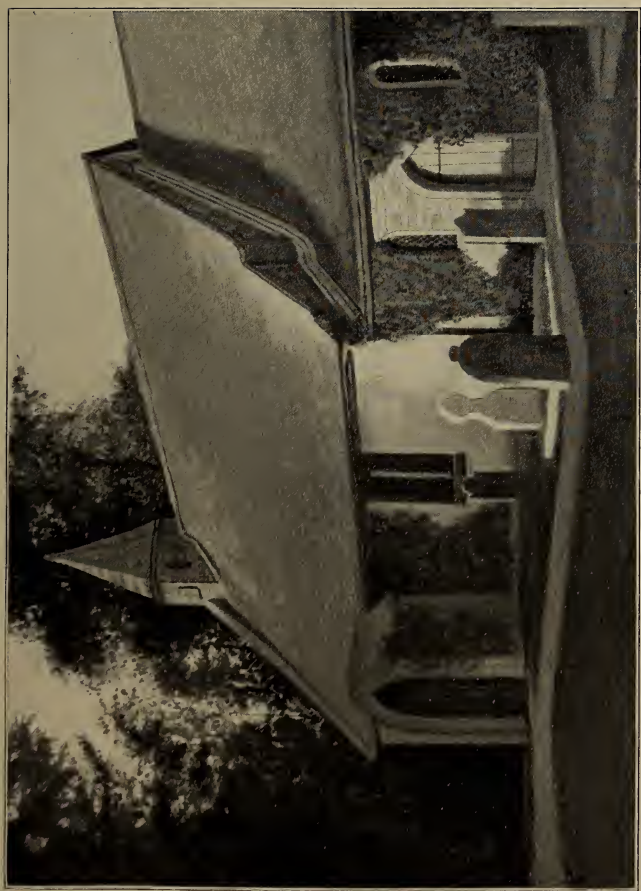
Dea. *Let losers talk! Yet thou shalt die ;**These arms shall crush thee. Chr.* Spare not, do
thy worst.

I shall be one day better then before;

Thou so much worse that thou shalt be no
more. 10



*Fuggleston Church, the chief parish church of Herbert's time. See
Vol. I, p. 40.*



XII

ADDITIONAL AND DOUBTFUL POEMS

•

PREFACE

BESIDES the poems composing **THE TEMPLE**, Herbert wrote other verse. That there was a considerable body of this, and that it was of a secular sort, has often been asserted. But the assertion rests on no evidence, and in my third Essay I have shown that it is inherently improbable. There are, however, a few additional poems which evidence of varying degrees of worth connects with Herbert's name, and these I gather into a final Group.

For some of them the evidence is very slight. As is shown in the notes, it is improbable that Herbert ever saw the lines to the Queen of Bohemia, or those to Lord Danvers and Sir John Danvers. Some of the Psalms here printed he may have written; but if so, they were justly rejected as unworthy to stand beside his beautiful rendering of **THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM**. **THE PARADOX** has his name written upon it by an unknown copyist, and Nahum Tate thought **THE CONVERT** his. But none of these can be traced directly to his hand.

The case is different with **THE HOLY COMMUNION**, **LOVE**, **TRINITIE-SUNDAY**, **EVEN-SONG**, **THE KNELL**, and **PERSEVERANCE**. These appear in the Williams Manuscript, intermingled with its other

poems. That manuscript, containing nearly half of the poems subsequently published in *THE TEMPLE*, certainly originated in Herbert's study. Its general handwriting is that of a copyist; but its many corrections and its large body of Latin poems are in Herbert's hand. We must therefore accept these poems as his, or else suppose that, though composed by some one else, he had them copied as favorites into a book of his own verse. But their inferiority of style is quite as grave an objection to this supposition as to his own authorship. They must then be classed among his refuse work. In the years that intervened between the composition of the Williams Manuscript and his death his taste had ripened. Having already written other poems on *THE HOLY COMMUNION*, *LOVE*, and *TRINITY-SUNDAY*, he rejected these, wrote later a substitute for the *EVEN-SONG*, and struck out *THE KNELL* and *PERSEVERANCE* altogether. While these poems in themselves are youthful and of small aesthetic value, they are of importance as showing that Herbert did not preserve all his verse, but finally left for the printer only such as his critical taste approved.

Only one of the poems in this Group was so approved, *THE CHURCH MILITANT*. It is one of his four long and labored poems, and may have been designed as a kind of counterpart to *THE CHURCH-PORCH*. Ferrar printed it as an appendix or third part of *THE TEMPLE*. The name, *THE*

TEMPLE, does not appear in the Williams Manuscript, which has no title-page. The running-title at the head of the pages is THE CHURCH. This is also the running-title of the central portion of the book as finally printed. Perhaps, then, Herbert's plan — or Ferrar's — was to call the total work THE TEMPLE, and to let it consist of three parts: the main structure, conceived as THE CHURCH itself, with two adjuncts, — THE CHURCH-PORCH, and THE CHURCH MILITANT. Yet the first two divisions are related so much more closely to each other than is either to the third that THE CHURCH MILITANT may probably better be regarded as an altogether detached piece. Between THE CHURCH-PORCH and THE CHURCH the lines of SUPERLIMINARE are inserted as a connecting link, while at the close of THE CHURCH stands the word *FINIS* and a GLORIA. There seems, therefore, to be an intended detachment of THE CHURCH MILITANT from the whole framework of THE TEMPLE. The ENVOY after THE CHURCH MILITANT must mark the close of this poem, and not of the entire book.

To preserve this detachment, I adopt the traditional arrangement and place THE CHURCH MILITANT after the other authenticated poems. But it might well stand before them. To make plain the course of Herbert's development we should place it just after the SONNETS TO HIS MOTHER. I, at least, have no doubt that it is his earliest considerable piece. Its style is more influenced by Donne than

is that of any of his other poems except the two SONNETS of 1610. There is an indication, too, of youth in the fact that while no half-page of THE CHURCH MILITANT shows sustained ease and mastery, one comes upon single lines of exceptional depth and promise, e. g.:

*Doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternall thought.*

*The sunne, though forward be his flight,
Listens behinde him and allows some light
Till all depart.*

*How low is he,
If God and man be sever'd infinitely !
Setting affliction to encounter pleasure.*

*In vice the copie still exceeds
The pattern, but not so in vertuous deeds.*

Bits of poetry like these, shining among lines which are too often declamatory, forced, and obscure, declare the age and promise of their author. Nor is objective evidence of an early date lacking. In line 242 the Thames is said to be in danger of pollution through mingling its stream with the Seine. Herbert was too good a courtier to have written so after 1624, when Prince Charles was betrothed to Henrietta Maria, the French Princess. The allusion, too, to America as the land of gold (l. 250) would be more natural at the time when the Virginia Trading Company was in full activity

and hope than in the years after its dissolution in 1623.

But although *THE CHURCH MILITANT* is early, immature, and difficult in style, in its subject and method of treatment it is of marked originality; for it is, so far as I can discover, the first sketch of general Church history in our language. Single periods of that history had been already treated, as by Bede in his account of the English Church. Lives of the Saints had been written, and studies of Christian Antiquity. Of controversial works, like Bishop Jewel's *Apology*, there was no lack. But hitherto no Englishman had attempted to survey the progress of the Church as it came forth from little Judaea and mightily overran all the lands of the West. This dramatic theme Herbert seized, treated it in bold outline, and made of his poem a veritable landmark in English ecclesiastical history. In this, as in religious poetry, he is the pioneer of a large company. But he could not bring his experiments in this field so near perfection as he did in that of the religious love-lyric. There he needed only to explore his own soul, while for even a good outline of Church history a solid body of scholarship was necessary; and this at that time was inaccessible. Herbert's account is accordingly, like all early history, inaccurate, partisan, and often credulous. It is an astonishing evidence of the independence of his mind that it was written at all, and in all probability written before he was thirty years

of age. That this priority of Herbert in Church history has not been remarked shows how superficial has been the attention bestowed on his widely circulated little book.

Original, however, as Herbert is in the choice of a historical subject, he is no less original in his treatment of it. Most historians of the Church conceive it as an ecclesiastical organization, whose construction and vicissitudes they explore, the development of whose power and ritual they trace, and whose scheme of doctrine they vindicate. The enemies of the Church are accordingly unbelievers, persecuting sovereigns, or nations which refuse to accept its sway.

With the progress of the Church in this sense Herbert is in no way concerned. What interests him is the coming of righteousness on earth. The contests of the Church are not with those who question priestly authority. He never alludes to heretics, or creeds, or forms of worship; and when he mentions splendid outward organizations and the consolidation of ecclesiastical power, it is as a sign of danger, if not of decay. He is, in short, true to that conception of the Church continually announced in his poems, notably in *SION*, the conception which gave a name to his volume, and which I have abundantly discussed in my second and third Essays. He means by the Church the loving, temptable, aspiring, and ill-harmonized soul of man. It is no external institution. *All its frame*

and fabrick is within. The Church history which he would write is a description of the way in which the new mode of affectionate holiness revealed by Jesus Christ has been intermittently adopted and rejected by the nations of Europe. His Church history is accordingly, like that of Jonathan Edwards afterwards, a genuine History of Redemption.

It would be an error to claim for Herbert entire originality in this ethical idea of Church history. The greatest of the Fathers had thought of it in somewhat the same way. Augustine's City of God is a spiritual society of the righteous united by allegiance to a common divine Lord. It is true that, while Herbert is a man of piety, Augustine is also a statesman, with a range of vision, a complexity of interests, an acquaintance with men, and a philosophic grasp denied to Herbert. But all the more striking on this account becomes Herbert's independence. He knew and honored Augustine. He bequeathed a set of his works to his Fuggleston curate, Mr. Bostock. Undoubtedly his thoughts about THE CHURCH MILITANT were initiated by Augustine. But he did not allow himself to be dominated. He took from the City of God only what harmonized with his own individualistic genius, and under the name of THE CHURCH MILITANT pictured the world's growth in personal holiness.

The poem is divided into five parts, separated from one another by a refrain exalting the wisdom

of God. Part I describes the migration of Religion from its early home in the East to its settlement in Egypt; Part II, the advance of Religion through Greece to establish its empire in the West; Part III, the parallel advance of Sin; Part IV, the conquest of Religion by Sin at Rome; Part V, the ineffective attempts through reformation to set Religion free from Sin, and the probability of farther struggle in future as the two move together through America westward.

In my fifth Essay is related the curious refusal of the Vice-Chancellor to license Herbert's book on account of lines 235 and 236 of *THE CHURCH MILITANT*:

*Religion stands on tip-toe in our land,
Readie to passe to the American strand.*

This passage, as also line 247, might suggest that Herbert was thinking of the Puritan migration, the only colonization ever undertaken from England with religious aims. Such thoughts are natural for us in looking back, but not for him when looking forward. Even if the dates allowed, we cannot suppose that he would have sympathized with companies of obscure and wilful sectaries. That was not his disposition. The Pilgrims, however, did not sail till 1620; the Puritans not till 1628. This latter date was just about the time when the Williams Manuscript was probably drawn up, and in it was included *THE CHURCH MILITANT*. At the time

when the poem was written the Puritan migration was a small affair, and had attracted little attention. It is the Virginia Colony to which Herbert refers, that aristocratic colony with which his friend Ferrar was connected. What he has in mind is made clearer by a passage of *THE COUNTRY PARSON*, XXXII, in which he is planning work for younger sons: *If the young Gallant think these Courses dull and phlegmatick, where can he busie himself better than in those new Plantations and discoveries which are not only a noble but also, as they may be handled, a religious imployment?* He simply means that on fresh soil religion has fresh opportunities. No other reference to America in *THE TEMPLE* speaks of it as religious ground; cf. *THE CHURCH-PORCH*, III, 25, l. 100; *THE PEARL*, IV, 177, l. 7; *THE SONNE*, V, 161, l. 10.

From this Group of Additional Poems I have withdrawn three as having special importance elsewhere. The lines reported by Walton as inscribed in the Bemerton Parsonage I have placed at the beginning of Group VIII. The *SONNETS* of 1610 mark the rise of that *RESOLVE* which is set forth with early ardor, assurance, and comprehensiveness in the poems of Group II.

ADDITIONAL AND DOUBTFUL POEMS

INTRODUCTORY:

This and THE SACRIFICE are Herbert's only narrative poems. But elements of narrative enter into the first AFFLICTION, THE BAG, HUMILITIE, LOVE UNKNOWN, THE PILGRIMAGE, PEACE, and THE PULLEY.

DATE:

Found in W.

METRE:

Used also in OUR LIFE IS HID, IV, 79, and AN ANAGRAM, V, 165.

SUBJECT:

A history of the Church from the earliest times to Herbert's own day, maintaining — as did Bishop Berkeley a hundred years later — that "Westward the tide of empire takes its way."

NOTES:

1-4. Cf. PROVIDENCE, V, 83, l. 41-44.

11. Psalm lxxx, 8.

12. *The more*, i. e. because so early.

14. *Trimme*=refined, exquisite, cf. l. 151.

15. Genesis ix, 20, and THE BUNCH OF GRAPES, V, 217, l. 24.

THE CHURCH MILITANT

ALMIGHTIE Lord, who from thy glorious throne
Seest and rulest all things ev'n as one,
The smallest ant or atome knows thy power,
Known also to each minute of an houre. 4
Much more do Common-weals acknowledge thee
And wrap their policies in thy decree,
Complying with thy counsels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternall thought.
But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove
Not the decrees of power, but bands of love. 10
Early didst thou arise to plant this vine,
Which might the more indeare it to be thine.
Spices come from the East; so did thy Spouse,
Trimme as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
Of *Noah's* shadie vine, chaste as the dove, 15
Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love.
The course was westward, that the sunne might
light
As well our understanding as our sight.
Where th' Ark did rest, there *Abraham* began
To bring the other Ark from *Canaan*. 20

19. The progress of the Church traced here I suppose to be as follows: Ur of Genesis xi, 31, is identified with Ararat of Genesis viii, 4; and the covenant with Noah, Genesis vi, 18, with that with Abraham, Genesis xvii, 19. I should think the reading would be *to* Canaan rather than *from* Canaan, as it is in W. and Genesis xii, 5. But the reference may be to Abraham's going into Egypt (Genesis xii, 10), out of which Moses subsequently led the Israelites, building that Ark of the Covenant (Exodus xxxvii, 1; Deuteronomy xxxi, 26) which Solomon finally placed in the Temple erected at Jerusalem.
24. When the old faith was shaken, the Jews hoped to confirm it by suppressing the new.
26. Ephesians ii, 14; Matthew xxvii, 51.
37. *They*=its people.
38. The rise of monasticism in the Thebaid of Egypt.
41. These leaders of Egyptian monasticism in the fourth century Herbert reckons to be the real rulers of the country.
44. The river, which in ancient times produced a plague of frogs (Exodus viii, 3), now as a place of baptism produces Israelites indeed.
47. Psalm cxxxix, 17, Prayer-Book version. Perhaps also suggested by the refrain of Psalm cvii, 8? A similar partition of a poem by refrains occurs in LOVE UNKNOWN, V, 179.

Moses pursu'd this, but King *Solomon*
Finish'd and fixt the old religion.
When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Christ to fasten it again;
But to the Gentiles he bore crosse and all, 25
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.
Onely whereas the Ark in glorie shone,
Now with the crosse, as with a staffe, alone,
Religion, like a pilgrime, westward bent,
Knocking at all doores ever as she went. 30
Yet as the sunne, though forward be his flight,
Listens behinde him and allows some light
Till all depart; so went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
Among the eastern nations for a time, 35
Till both removed to the western clime.
To *Egypt* first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
The ten Commandments there did flourish more
Then the ten bitter plagues had done before. 40
Holy *Macarius* and great *Anthonie*
Made *Pharaoh Moses*, changing th' historie.
Goshen was darknesse, *Egypt* full of lights,
Nilus for monsters brought forth Israelites. 44
Such power hath mightie Baptisme to produce
For things misshapen, things of highest use.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !
Who may with thee compare ?

51. *Pos'd*=brought to a stand, as in THE CHURCH-PORCH, III, 41, l. 223.
54. There is a play here on learning one's letters and submitting to Christianity. They were sent back to learn the alphabet, then called Chriss-Crosse from the figure which stood at the beginning. Samuel Speed (1677) has the same play in his poem On Christ's Cross:
- "Can we spell Chris-cross-row, and yet not read
That Christ for us was dead?"
57. *Took horse*, i. e. religion took its departure from Greece.
59. *Prefix'd*=foreordained.
64. *Yeeld*=grant, allow. So Milton: "I yield it just, said Adam, and submit:" Par. Lost, XI, 526.
65. *To work* the salvation of man, who was once allured to his ruin.
67. *The great heart*, i. e. of the Roman warrior, l. 63.
71. The pastoral staff became the Papal sceptre.
72. The Gregorian Calendar and the substitution of Christian holidays for pagan.
73. Alexander the Great hoped to establish a wide Grecian empire. These hopes were cut off by the quarrels of his successors, and were only finally realized when Constantine founded Constantinople.

Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where arts
Gave her the highest place in all men's hearts. 50
Learning was pos'd, Philosophie was set,
Sophisters taken in a fisher's net.

Plato and *Aristotle* were at a losse
And wheel'd about again to spell *Christ-Crosse*.
Prayers chas'd syllogismes into their den, 55
And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.

Though *Greece* took horse as soon as *Egypt* did,
And *Rome* as both, yet *Egypt* faster rid,
And spent her period and prefixed time 59
Before the other. *Greece* being past her prime,
Religion went to *Rome*, subduing those
Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes.
The Warriour his deere skarres no more resounds,
But seems to yeeld Christ hath the greater wounds,
Wounds willingly endur'd to work his blisse 65
Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.

The great heart stoops and taketh from the dust
A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust,
Quitting his spear, lest it should pierce again
Him in his members who for him was slain. 70
The Shepherd's hook grew to a scepter here,
Giving new names and numbers to the yeare.
But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece*, to comfort them
Who were cut short in *Alexander's* stemme.

77. *Th' one and th' other* = *Arts and Prowesse*.
84. *Harbingers*; see THE FORERUNNERS, VI, 77, l. 1.
85. Arts might in our time and country glorify the Church.
88. *Religion* waters the soil. In commenting on this passage an earlier editor, "R. S.," writes: "It is remarkable that Herbert should think of Germany, rather than Italy, in connection with religious art; but if he knew the engravings of Albert Dürer, it would cease to be surprising."
93. "The thought is here obscure and probably far-fetched. When Constantius Chlorus Caesar in Britain died at York, his son Constantine was proclaimed and eventually became Emperor, and on his conversion gave, so to speak, a crown to the Church. Thus his rise in Britain, and his giving a crown to the Church, foreshadowed, says Herbert, or was a type, that hereafter Britain should give the Church a crown; meaning that at the Reformation Henry VIII would put down the usurped authority of the Church, and make it a national Church, and the State's head its supreme head:" A. B. Grosart. According to one tradition Helena, the mother of Constantine, was of British stock.
95. *Sheet of paper*. Is the Nicene Creed here intended?

In both of these Prowesse and Arts did tame 75
And tune men's hearts against the Gospel came;
Which using, and not fearing skill in th' one,
Or strength in th' other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and struggling th' Empire knew,
(As dying things are wont) untill it flew 80
At length to *Germanie*, still westward bending,
And there the Churches festivall attending;
That as before Empire and Arts made way,
(For no lesse Harbingers would serve then they)
So they might still, and point us out the place
Where first the Church should raise her downcast
face. 86

Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there,
Then showres Religion and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire shar'd with *Germanie*,
But *England* in the higher victorie; 90
Giving the Church a crown to keep her state
And not go lesse then she had done of late.
Constantine's British line meant this of old,
And did this mysterie wrap up and fold
Within a sheet of paper, which was rent 95
From time's great Chronicle and hither sent.
Thus both the Church and Sunne together ran
Unto the farthest old meridian.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !
Who may with thee compare ? 100

103. In contrast with the western *Babylon* of l. 182.
108. The onion was one of the most important foods of Egypt (Numbers xi, 5). Herbert had evidently heard that it was worshipped there. So had Donne, *Anatomy of the World*, 428: "For as the wine and corn and onions are Gods unto them." Probably both derived their information from Juvenal, *Satire XV*, 9-11. Compare also Pliny, *Natural History*, *XIX*, 6.
110. Their onions, devoted to God, being lost to diet.
120. We also worship that which is a mere means of life.
Cf. *AVARICE*, V, 113
126. *Make good*=make permanent, hold.
127. *For*=instead of.

Much about one and the same time and place
Both where and when the Church began her race,
Sinne did set out of Eastern *Babylon*
And travell'd westward also. Journeying on
He chid the Church away where e're he came, 105
Breaking her peace and tainting her good name.
At first he got to *Egypt* and did sow
Gardens of gods, which ev'ry yeare did grow
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost
Who for a god clearly a sallet lost. 110
Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlick with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshipping his meat!
Who makes a root his god, how low is he, 115
If God and man be sever'd infinitely!
What wretchednesse can give him any room
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom?
None will beleieve this now, though money be
In us the same transplanted foolerie. 120
Thus Sinne in *Egypt* sneaked for a while;
His highest was an ox or crocodile
And such poore game. Thence he to *Greece* doth
passe ;
And being craftier much then Goodnesse was,
He left behinde him garrisons of sinnes 125
To make good that which ev'ry day he winnes.
Here Sinne took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchased.

132. "The oracular response being in verse, Herbert says they hide their poison in the sweetness of verse:"
A. B. Grosart. Cf. THE CHURCH-PORCH, III, 15, l. 5.
134. *Pull*=draw; so JORDAN, III, 89, l. 12.
137. *Him*=Sinne.
138. Besides the mischief wrought by Sinne in false oracles, he created distrust in oracles of every kind, so that when near the Christian era the Sibyls prophesied the coming of the Messiah, they were only half believed. The so-called Sibylline Oracles were throughout the Middle Ages and for a long time after thought to be authentic Greek prophecies and consequently a testimony of heathenism to Christianity. In 1512 Michelangelo painted the Sibyls on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, side by side with the prophets.
147. *Disparking*=expelling from the park, as in THE FORERUNNERS, VI, 77, l. 3. Cf. Milton's Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity, xix.
149. Mohammed.
151. *Trimme*; cf. l. 14.
152. *For*=on account of.
154. *Prodigies*=too much to believe.

He grew a gallant and would needs foretell
As well what should befall as what befell. 130
Nay, he became a poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came both with hands and purses full
To this great lotterie, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit, 135
Where some poore truths were shuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to discredit those
Who after him should braver truths disclose.
From *Greece* he went to *Rome*; and as before
He was a God, now he's an Emperour. 140
Nero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
Put him in trust to rule the Romane sphere.
Glorie was his chief instrument of old,
Pleasure succeeded straight when that grew cold.
Which soon was blown to such a mightie flame 145
That though our Saviour did destroy the game,
Disparking oracles and all their treasure,
Setting affliction to encounter pleasure,
Yet did a rogue with hope of carnall joy
Cheat the most subtill nations. Who so coy, 150
So trimme, as *Greece* and *Egypt*? Yet their hearts
Are given over, for their curious arts,
To such Mahometan stupidities
As the old heathen would deem prodigies.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are ! 155
Who may with thee compare ?

159. The negative virtue of keeping clear of infidelity is all that the Romish Church can show of its original divine foundation. Matthew xvi, 18.
169. *Handsome* = seductive. Herbert distrusts the purity of Romish priests.
171. By the pretended oracles.
174. Christ as prophet, priest, and king. The three corresponding offices of Sinne are named in l. 177-179.
176. Inspiration was now confined to the Pope's utterances at Rome.
180. Dispensations and indulgences.
182. Revelation xvii, 5.

Onely the West and *Rome* do keep them free
From this contagious infidelitie.
And this is all the Rock whereof they boast,
As *Rome* will one day finde unto her cost. 160
Sinne being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely resolv'd one night
To be a Church-man too and wear a Mitre;
The old debauched ruffian would turn writer.
I saw him in his studie, where he sate 165
Busie in controversies sprung of late.
A gown and pen became him wondrous well.
His grave aspect had more of heav'n then hell:
Onely there was a handsome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye. 170
As Sinne in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
And in old *Rome* a mightie Emperour,
So now being Priest he plainly did professe
To make a jest of Christ's three offices;
The rather since his scatter'd jugglings were 175
United now in one, both time and sphere.
From *Egypt* he took pettie deities,
From *Greece* oracular infallibilities,
And from old *Rome* the libertie of pleasure
By free dispensings of the Churches treasure. 180
Then in memoriall of his ancient throne
He did surname his palace, *Babylon*.

184. As men of every speech were once obliged to migrate in all directions from Babel, Genesis xi, 9, so in reverse all nations flock to the new Babylon, l. 194.
190. *His victories*=the victories of Sinne.
192. When they were carried captive to Babylon.
196. When in 1177 the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa submitted himself to Pope Alexander III, popular legend declares that the Pope set his foot on the Emperor's neck.
197. The Pope never leaves Rome.
200. Monks in appearance, but in reality statesmen.
204. He rode upon it as if it were the dullest of beasts.

Yet that he might the better gain all nations,
And make that name good by their transmigrations

From all these places, but at divers times, 185
He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes.

From *Egypt* Anchorisme and retirednesse,
Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* statelinesse;
And blending these he carri'd all men's eyes,
While Truth sat by counting his victories. 190

Whereby he grew apace and scorn'd to use
Such force as once did captivate the Jews,
But did bewitch and finely work each nation
Into a voluntarie transmigration.

All poste to *Rome*. Princes submit their necks
Either t' his publick foot or private tricks. 196
It did not fit his gravitie to stirre,

Nor his long journey, nor his gout and furre.
Therefore he sent out able ministers,
Statesmen within, without doores cloisterers, 200
Who without spear, or sword, or other drumme
Then what was in their tongue, did overcome;
And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
That the whole world did seem but the Pope's
mule.

As new and old *Rome* did one Empire twist, 205
So both together are one Antichrist,
Yet with two faces, as their *Janus* was,
Being in this their old crackt looking-glasse.

How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !

Who may with thee compare ? 210

214. Made the latter throne to defray.
216. I. e. the constant accompaniments.
223. *The better*=the more complete.
224. The Church in our time falls as far short of the excellence of the early Church as modern sins exceed ancient.
228. The late Reformation should make us weep, as the second Temple did the Jews. Ezra iii, 12.
230. Isaiah lx, 2.
- 233, 234. Widely as religion has extended itself since Judæan days, so great will be its contraction hereafter.

Thus Sinne triumphs in Western *Babylon*,
Yet not as Sinne, but as Religion.
Of his two thrones he made the latter best,
And to defray his journey from the east.
Old and new *Babylon* are to hell and night 215
As is the moon and sunne to heav'n and light.
When th' one did set, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the law and grace.
They are hell's land-marks, Satan's double crest,
They are Sinne's nipples, feeding th' east and west.
But as in vice the copie still exceeds 221
The pattern, but not so in vertuous deeds;
So though Sinne made his latter seat the better,
The latter Church is to the first a debter.
The second Temple could not reach the first,
And the late reformation never durst 226
Compare with ancient times and purer yeares,
But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.
Nay, it shall ev'ry yeare decrease and fade,
Till such a darknesse do the world invade 230
At Christ's last coming as his first did finde.
Yet must there such proportions be assign'd
To these diminishings as is between
The spacious world and *Jurie* to be seen.

- 235, 236. "When Mr. Ferrar sent this Book to Cambridge to be Licensed for the Press, the Vice-Chancellor would by no means allow the two so much noted Verses,

*Religion stands a Tip-toe in our Land,
Ready to pass to the American Strand,*

to be printed; and Mr. Ferrar would by no means allow the Book to be printed and want them. But after some time and some arguments for and against their being made publick, the Vice-Chancellor said: *I knew Mr. Herbert well, and know that he had many heavenly Speculations, and was a Divine Poet; but I hope the World will not take him to be an inspired Prophet, and therefore I License the whole Book:*" Walton's Life. In 1636 a piece by Ferrar himself, a translation of Carbo on the Instruction of Children, was refused License by the Cambridge authorities, as Oley mentions in his Life of Herbert.

246. Like fashions from Italy, sins travel; so that what was current in Italy this year may be expected to appear in France and England the next.
255. Giving them thy grace in return for what we have stolen from them.

Religion stands on tip-toe in our land, 235
Readie to passe to the *American* strand.
When height of malice and prodigious lusts,
Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts
(The marks of future bane) shall fill our cup
Unto the brimme and make our measure up;
When *Sein* shall swallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*
By letting in them both pollutes her streams,
When *Italie* of us shall have her will, 243
And all her calender of sinnes fulfill ;
Whereby one may fortell what sinnes next yeare
Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer;
Then shall Religion to *America* flee.
They have their times of Gospel ev'n as we.
My God, thou dost prepare for them a way
By carrying first their gold from them away; 250
For gold and grace did never yet agree.
Religion alwaies sides with povertie.
We think we rob them, but we think amisse;
We are more poore, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrell, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that which now their nation
But lends to us shall be our desolation.

261. *They*=the Western nations.
- 263-266. Cf. l. 75-88. All know the sort of Gospel which imperial Spain has championed. If that taught by the arts proves equally base, the Church will be crushed.
267. When they have gone round the world and find in the East once more the harbor from which they originally set forth.
270. The light of day and the light of truth both advance by going west. Cf. l. 17, 97. This identification of Christ's progress and that of the sun is worked over in *THE SONNE*, V, 161.
274. Encircles the globe.

Yet as the Church shall thither westward flie,
So Sinne shall trace and dog her instantly. 260
They have their period also and set times
Both for their vertuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Usher'd the Gospel ever in men's hearts,
Spain hath done one; when Arts perform the
other, 265

The Church shall come, and Sinne the Church
shall smother.

That when they haue accomplished the round,
And met in th' east their first and ancient sound,
Judgement may meet them both and search them
round. 269

Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sunne,
Light one another and together runne.
Thus also Sinne and Darknesse follow still
The Church and Sunne with all their power and
skill.

But as the Sunne still goes both west and east,
So also did the Church by going west 275
Still eastward go; because it drew more neare
To time and place where judgement shall appeare.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !
Who may with thee compare ?

INTRODUCTORY:

This is the Envoy of THE CHURCH MILITANT, not of the whole collection of poems.

DATE:

Found in W., and early in style.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

A Prayer that the evils of the Church may cease.

NOTES:

1. Repeated from PRAISE, IV, 193, l. 1.
9. *His food*=its power of nourishment. In the previous line *his*=Sinne's.
14. *It*=all the breath he possesses.
- 11-16. *What is behinde*=what is still lacking. Cf. A TRUE HYMNE, V, 27, l. 14, and Colossians i, 24. The meaning is: After being conquered by the cross, Sinne should reserve a store of breath for sighs. But Sinne's own breath will be insufficient. He will need to borrow from the wind in order to obtain enough for endless sighing. As regards the effect of sighs in exhausting breath, see AFFLICTION, VI, 31, l. 9.

L'ENVOY

KING of glorie, King of peace,
With the one make warre to cease;
With the other blesse thy sheep,
Thee to love, in thee to sleep.
Let not Sinne devoure thy fold, 5
Bragging that thy bloud is cold,
That thy death is also dead,
While his conquests dayly spread;
That thy flesh hath lost his food,
And thy Crosse is common wood. 10
Choke him, let him say no more,
But reserve his breath in store,
Till thy conquests and his fall
Make his sighs to use it all,
And then bargain with the winde 15
To discharge what is behinde.

*Blessed be God alone,
Thrice blessed Three in One.*

FINIS

INTRODUCTORY:

Another poem with this title is given, III, 195.

DATE:

This and the following five poems are found in W., but not in B. They are scattered throughout the manuscript, no two of them occurring together. In no one of them is there a single erasure or correction.

METRE:

Unique, but closely resembles THE BRITISH CHURCH, V, 101.

SUBJECT:

The question whether Christ enters into the communion bread is unimportant, if only he enter into the believer.

NOTES:

9. Dr. Gibson quotes from Hooker, Eccles. Pol. V, LXVII, 12: "What these elements are in themselves it skilleth not, it is enough that to me which take them they are the body and blood of Christ."
- 13, 18. Whether thou enterest not into the bread but only into me, or into both bread and me, is only a question of a shorter or longer road.

THE HOLY COMMUNION

O GRATIOUS Lord, how shall I know
Whether in these gifts thou bee so
 As thou art everywhere?
Or rather so as thou alone
Tak'st all the Lodging, leaving none 5
 For thy poore creature there.

First I am sure, whether Bread stay,
Or whether Bread doe fly away,
 Concerneth Bread, not mee;
But that both thou and all thy traine 10
Bee there, to thy truth and my gaine,
 Concerneth mee and Thee.

And if in comming to thy foes
Thou dost come first to them, that showes
 The hast of thy good will. 15
Or if that thou two stations makest,
In Bread and mee, the way thou takest
 Is more, but for mee still.

Then of this also I am sure,
That thou didst all those pains endure 20
 To abolish Sinn, not Wheat.
Creatures are good and have their place.
Sinn onely, which did all deface,
 Thou drivest from his seat.

25. *Impanation* = God embodying himself in bread.
33. Eyesight.
38. "I. e. keeps that natural substance which is in the grass and herbs, from which all flesh is immediately or intermediately derived:" A. B. Grosart.
41. *Meres* = limits.

I could beleeeve an Impanation 25
At the rate of an Incarnation,
 If thou hadst dyde for Bread.
But that which made my soule to dye,
My flesh and fleshly villany,
 That allso made thee dead. 30

That Flesh is there mine eyes deny.
And what should flesh but flesh discry,
The noblest sence of five?
If glorious bodies pass the sight, 34
Shall they be food and strength and might,
Even there where they deceive?

Into my soule this cannot pass.
Flesh (though exalted) keeps his grass,
And cannot turn to soule.
Bodyes and Minds are different spheres, 40
Nor can they change their bounds and meres,
But keep a constant pole.

This gift of all gifts is the best,
Thy flesh the least that I request.
Thou took'st that pledge from mee. 45
Give mee not that I had before,
Or give mee that so I have more.
My God, give mee all Thee.

INTRODUCTORY:

Two other poems with this title are given, III, 83, IV, 197.

DATE:

Found in W., and early in style.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

Similar to that of THE REPRISALL, IV, 89; i. e. however we try to find God needy and ourselves givers, closer knowledge always proves the contrary.

NOTES:

8. *Shrodely*=shrewdly.
20. *The matter*=this matter, i. e. love. I shall then have conquered thee altogether.
24. I should have done what these three have failed to do.

LOVE

THOU art too hard for me in Love.
There is no dealing wth thee in that Art.
That is thy Masterpeece, I see.
When I contrive and plott to prove
Something that may be conquest on my part, 5
Thou still, O Lord, outstrippest mee.

Sometimes, whenas I wash, I say,
And shrodeley as I think, Lord wash my soule,
More spotted then my flesh can bee.
But then there comes into my way 10
Thy ancient baptism, which when I was foule
And knew it not, yet cleansed mee.

I took a time when thou didst sleep,
Great waves of trouble combating my brest;
I thought it brave to praise thee then. 15
Yet then I found that thou didst creep
Into my hart wth ioye, giving more rest
Then flesh did lend thee back agen.

Let mee but once the conquest have
Vpon the matter, 'twill thy conquest prove. 20
If Thou subdue mortalitie,
Thou dost no more then doth the grave.
Whereas if I orecome thee and thy Love,
Hell, Death, and Divel come short of mee.

INTRODUCTORY:

Another poem with this title is given, III, 161.

DATE:

Found in W., and early in style.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

Reality is everywhere threefold.

NOTES:

3. *Two*, i. e. body and soul. Cf. MAN'S MEDLEY, V, 125.

11-18. The *first Theefe*, Satan, though he had a kind of belief in God (James ii, 19), did not acknowledge the threefold order of God, saints, and angels, or heaven, earth, and hell. He is consequently shut out from God or heaven, and confined to the last two. But whoever rightly confesses God has all.

TRINITIE-SUNDAY

HE that is one
Is none.
Two reacheth thee
In some degree.
Nature and Grace 5
With Glory may attaine thy Face.
Steele and a flint strike fire.
Witt and desire
Never to thee aspire
Except life catch and hold those fast. 10
That which beleefe
Did not confess in the first Theefe
His fall can tell
From Heaven through Earth to Hell.
Lett two of those alone 15
To them that fall,
Who God and Saints and Angels loose at last.
Hee that has one
Has all.

DATE:

In W. this appears in place of the EVEN-SONG (V, 59) of B. This fact alone might well prove W. to be an early draft of Herbert's verse.

METRE:

Unique, but differs only in rhyming system from THE TEMPER, IV, 111.

SUBJECT:

God the light of all his creatures.

NOTES:

15. *Darker*=more difficult to see.

17. *This*, i. e. that thou art not to be seen.

EVEN-SONG

THE Day is spent, and hath his will on mee.

I and the Sunn have runn our races.

I went the slower, yet more paces;

For I decay, not hee.

Lord, make my Losses up, and sett mee free;

That I, who cannot now by day 6

Look on his daring brightnes, may

Shine then more bright then hee.

If thou deferr this light, then shadow mee;

Least that the Night, earth's gloomy shade,

Fouling her nest, my earth invade, 11

As if shades knew not thee.

But thou art light and darknes both togeather.

If that bee dark we cannot see,

The sunn is darker than a tree, 15

And thou more dark then either.

Yet thou art not so dark since I know this

But that my darknes may touch thine,

And hope, that may teach it to shine,

Since Light thy Darknes is. 20

O lett my soule, whose keyes I must deliver

Into the hands of senceles Dreams

Which know not thee, suck in thy beams

And wake with thee for ever.

INTRODUCTORY:

The *KNELL* would seem to be used in the sense of a call to church rather than to a funeral.

DATE:

Found in W.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

Prayer for deliverance from worldly allurements.

The poem may refer to Herbert's frequent subject, vacillation between the church and the world.

NOTES:

2. The *perplexed soule* cannot be the dead.
3. *Wishly* = wistfully.
14. The reverse of AFFLICTION, VI, 29, l. 10.

THE KNELL

THE Bell doth tolle.
Lord, help thy servant whose perplexed soule
Doth wishly look
On either hand,
And sometimes offers, sometimes makes a stand,
Struggling on th' hook. 6

Now is the season,
Now the great combat of our flesh and reason.
O help, my God!
See, they breake in, 10
Disbanded humours, sorrows, troops of Sinn,
Each with his rodd.

Lord make thy blood
Convert and colour all the other flood
And streams of grief, 15
That they may bee
Julips and Cordials when wee call on thee
For some relief.

DATE:

Found in W.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

What warrant have I that my highest moods shall be permanent? Only thy steadfastness. Cf. THE TEMPER, IV, 111.

NOTES:

3. *Move*=intend to speak, as in THE METHOD, V, 197, l. 6.
6. *My iudgement*=the condemnation of me. 1 Corinthians ix, 27.
8. Remains concealed with thee.
16. Psalm xxviii, 1.

PERSEVERANCE

MY God the poore expressions of my Love,
Which warme these lines and serve them up to
thee

Are so as for the present I did move,
Or rather as thou movedst mee.

But what shall issue, — whether these my words 5
Shall help another but my iudgment bee,
As a burst fouling-peece doth save the birds
But kill the man, — is seal'd with thee.

For who can tell though thou hast dyde to winn
And wedd my soule in glorious paradise, 10
Whether my many crymes and use of sinn
May yet forbid the banns and bliss?

Onely my soule hangs on thy promisses,
Wth face and hands clinging unto thy brest;
Clinging and crying, crying without cease, 15
Thou art my rock, thou art my rest.

TITLE:

“This piece is from *Miscellanea Sacra*, or Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects, collected by N. Tate, second edition, 1698, p. 51, where it is headed *The Convert*, An Ode written by Mr. George Herbert. It is to be regretted that Tate does not inform us whence he derived this Ode. But as he was well circumstanced to procure Mss. and as others of eminent names first published by him have been authenticated, there is every probability that he had an autograph of this poem:” A. B. Grosart.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

My eyes, voice, and heart, which have hitherto been given over to women, shall henceforth be dedicated to God.

NOTES:

7. In *VANITIE*, IV, 153, l. 3, an experience is hinted similar to that lamented here. Cf. also *FRAILTIE*, IV, 155, l. 3, and *HOME*, VI, 87, l. 39.
18. *The Temple*. This word is suspicious. An imitator, remembering the title of Herbert's book, would be likely to use it; but it is rarely used by Herbert himself. See note on *SION*, VI, 24.

THE CONVERT

If ever tears did flow from eyes,
If ever voice was hoarse with cries,
If ever heart was sore with sighs, —
 Let now my eyes, my voice, my heart,
 Strive each to play their part. 5

My eyes, from whence these tears did spring,
Where treach'rous Syrens us'd to sing,
Shall flow no more, untill they bring
 A deluge on my sensual flame,
 And wash away my shame. 10

My voice, that oft with foolish lays,
With vows and rants and senseless praise,
Frail Beauty's charms to heav'n did raise,
 Henceforth shall only pierce the skies
 In penitential cries. 15

My heart, that gave fond thoughts their food,
Till now averse to all that's good,
The Temple where an idol stood,
 Henceforth in sacred flames shall burn,
 And be that idol's urn. 20

INTRODUCTORY:

"A little before his death Doctor Donne caused many Seals to be made, and in them to be ingraven the figure of Christ crucified on an Anchor (the emblem of hope) and of which Doctor Donne would often say, *Cruce mihi Anchora*. These Seals he gave or sent to most of those friends on which he put a value; and at Mr. Herbert's death these Verses were found wrapt up with that Seal which was by the Doctor given to him:" Walton's Life.

DATE:

Donne died in 1631. L. 2 refers to him as already dead.

METRE:

Used also in AN ANAGRAM, V, 165, and THE CHURCH MILITANT, VI, 119.

SUBJECT:

The Cross our stay.

NOTES:

2. Rev. J. J. Daniell in his Life of Herbert, 222, says that this seal is now in the possession of Rev. W. Ayerst, of Cambridge.
4. Hebrews vi, 19.

ON AN ANCHOR-SEAL

WHEN my dear Friend could write no more,
He gave this Seal, and so gave ore.

When winds and waves rise highest, I am sure
This Anchor keeps my faith; that, me secure.

INTRODUCTORY:

Herbert thanked Donne for his seal in some Latin verses, which he also translated into English.

DATE:

These lines may have been written before the death of Donne in 1631. Yet not long before. According to the preceding poem, and according to Walton, too, Donne died soon after he sent the seal.

NOTES:

14-17. Death sought to break up my friend's communications with me. This seal renders them forever secure.

TO JOHN DONNE, D. D.

ON HIS SEAL OF CHRIST AND AN ANCHOR

ALTHOUGH the Cross could not Christ here detain,
Though nail'd unto't, but He ascends again,
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep Him still,
But only while thou speakst, this Anchor will.
Nor canst thou be content unless thou to 5
This certain Anchor add a Seal; and so
The water and the earth both unto thee
Do owe the symbole of their certainty.

When Love, being weary, made an end
Of kind expressions to his friend, 10
He writ; when's hand could write no more,
He gave the Seal and so left o're.
How sweet a friend was he who, being griev'd
His letters were broke rudely up, believ'd 14
'T was more secure in great Love's commonweal,
Where nothing should be broke, to add a Seal!
Let the world reel. We and all ours stand sure.
This holy cable's of all storms secure.

INTRODUCTORY:

From Rawlinson Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, signed G. Herbert. First printed by Pickering. Reprinted with corrections by Dr. Grosart, who calls attention to the poem of the same name and subject in the Synagogue of Christopher Harvey as evidence that Harvey supposed this poem to be by Herbert. With it compare Herbert's letter to his mother, II, 206.

METRE:

Unique.

SUBJECT:

That the sick are in better case than the whole.

NOTES:

6. The emphatic word is *yourselves*.
12. "Here used for one who is in the mean or middle state between the two; neither in perfect health nor under the full sway of sickness; one who was, in fact, in the state in which Herbert then was — failing:" A. B. Grosart.
14. "A curious ellipse of *with*. Can *which* be an error for *where*?" A. B. Grosart.
17. People sometimes weep for joy.

A PARADOX

THAT THE SICK ARE IN BETTER CASE THAN THE
WHOLE

You who admire yourselves because
You neither grone nor weepe,
And think it contrary to nature's laws
To want one ounce of sleepe,
Your strong beleife 5
Acquits yourselves and gives the sick all greife.

Your state to ours is contrary,
That makes you thinke us poore;
So Black-Moores thinke us foule, and wee
Are quit with them, and more. 10
Nothing can see
And judg of things but mediocrity.

The sick are in themselves a state
Which health hath naught to doe.
How know you that our tears p'ceed from woe,
And not from better fate? 16
Since that Mirth hath
Her waters alsoe and desyred bath.

20. On the expenditure of sighing, see note on AFFLICTION, VI, 31, l. 10.
31. With this stanza compare the fourth of THE SIZE, V, 193.

How know you that the sighs wee send
 From want of breath p'ceede, 20
Not from excesse? And therefore we do spend
 That which we do not neede;
 So trembling may
As well show inward warblings as decay.

Cease then to judge calamities 25
 By outward forme and shew;
But view yourselves and inward turn your eyes,
 Then you shall fully know
 That your estate
Is, of the two, the farre more desperate. 30

You allwayes feare to feele those smarts
 Which we but sometimes prove;
Each little comfort much affects our hearts,
 None but gross joyes you move.
 Why then confesse 35
Your feares in number more, your joyes are lesse?

Then for yourselves not us embrace
 Plaints to bad fortune due,
For though you visitt us and plaint our case,
 Wee doubt much whether you 40
 Come to our bed
To comfort us, or to be comforted.

INTRODUCTORY:

The following Psalms were collected and edited by
Dr. Grosart and accompanied by this note:

“These Psalms are taken from the following now
extremely rare book:

PSALMS AND HYMNS

IN SOLEMN MUSICK

OF FOURE PARTS,

OR THE COMMON TUNES TO THE PSALMS IN METRE:
USED IN PARISH-CHURCHES.

Also six Hymns for one Voice to the Organ.

For God is King of all the earth;
sing ye praises with understanding.

PSALM XLVII, 7.

BY JOHN PLAYFORD.

[Picture of K. David playing, surrounded
by a square margin containing the music
of Gloria in excelsis, Deo Cantate, &c.]

LONDON: Printed by W. Godbid for J. Playford at his shop in
the Inner-Temple, 1671.

PSALM II

WHY are the heathen swell'd with rage,
The people vain exploits devise?
The kings and potentates of earth
Combin'd in one great faction rise?

And taking counsels 'gainst the Lord
And 'gainst His Christ, presume to say,
'Let us in sunder break their bonds,
And from us cast their cords away.'

But He that sits in heaven shall laugh,
The Lord Himself shall them deride;
Then shall He speak to them in wrath,
And in sore anger vex their pride.

'But I am God, and seated King
On Sion, His most holy hill;
I will declare the Lord's decree,
Nor can I hide His sacred will.'

The book is dedicated to William Sancroft, D. D., Dean of St. Paul's. In the Preface occur these explanations: 'To those which are Bishop King's there is H. K.; those of Mr. [Miles] Smith [yet living], M. S.; those with G. H. are supposed to be Mr. George Herbert's.'"

A Gloria and these five have the initials G. H. attached. Dr. Grosart prints two more which he thinks, on slender evidence, are by Herbert.

He said to Me, 'Thou art My Son,
This day have I begotten Thee;
Make Thy request, and I will grant,
The heathen shall Thy portion be.

Thou shalt possess earth's farthest bounds,
And there an awful sceptre sway;
Whose pow'r shall dash and break them all,
Like vessels made of brittle clay.'

Now therefore, O ye kings, be wise;
Be learnèd, ye that judge the earth;
Serve our great God in fear; rejoice,
And tremble in your highest mirth.

O kiss the Son, lest He be wroth,
And straight ye perish from the way:
When once His anger burns, thrice blest
Are all that make the Son their stay.

PSALM III

How are my foes increased, Lord!
 many are they that rise
Against me, saying, for my soul
 no help in God there is.
But Thou, O Lord, art still the shield
 of my deliverance;
Thou art my glory, Lord, and He
 that doth my head advance.

I cry'd unto the Lord, He heard
 me from His holy hill;
I laid me down and slept, I wak't;
 for God sustain'd me still.
Aided by Him, I will not fear
 ten thousand enemies,
Nor all the people round about
 that can against me rise.

Arise, O Lord, and rescue me;
 save me, my God, from thrall;
'Tis Thou upon the cheek-bone smit'st
 mine adversaries all.
And Thou hast broke th' ungodly's teeth:
 salvation unto Thee
Belongs, O Lord; Thy blessing shall
 upon Thy people be.

PSALM IV

LORD, hear me when I call on Thee,
Lord of my righteousness;
O Thou that hast enlargèd me
when I was in distress.

Have mercy on me, Lord, and hear
the prayer that I frame;
How long will ye, vain men, convert
my glory into shame?

How long will ye seek after lies,
and vanity approve?
But know the Lord Himself doth chuse
the righteous man to love.

The Lord will hearken unto me
when I his grace implore;
O learn to stand in awe of Him,
and sin not any more.

Within your chamber try your hearts;
offer to God on high
The sacrifice of righteousness,
and on His grace rely.

Many there are that say, 'O who
will show us good?' But, Lord,
Thy countenance's cheering light
do Thou to us afford.

For that, O Lord, with perfect joy
shall more replenish me
Than worldlings joy'd with all their store
of corn and wine can be.

Therefore will I lie down in peace
and take my restful sleep;
For Thy protection, Lord, alone
shall me in safety keep.

PSALM VI

REBUKE me not in wrath, O Lord,
nor in Thine anger chasten me;
O pity me; for I, O Lord,
am nothing but infirmitie.

O heal me, for my bones are vex'd,
my soul is troubled very sore;
But, Lord, how long so much perplex'd
shall I in vain Thy grace implore?

Return, O God, and rescue me,
my soul for Thy great mercy save;
For who in death remember Thee?
or who shall praise Thee in the grave?

With groaning I am wearied,
all night I make my couch to swim,
And water with salt tears my bed;
my sight with sorrow waxeth dim.

My beauty wears and doth decay,
because of all mine enemies;
But now from me depart away,
all ye that work iniquities.

For God Himself hath heard my cry;
the Lord vouchsafes to weigh my tears;
Yea, He my prayer from on high
and humble supplication hears.

And now my foes the Lord will blame
that e'rst so sorely vexèd me,
And put them all to utter shame,
and to confusion suddainly.

Glory, honour, power, and praise
to the most glorious Trinity;
As at the first beginning was,
is now, and to eternity.

PSALM VII

SAVE me, my Lord, my God, because
I put my trust in Thee;
From all that persecute my life,
O Lord, deliver me.

Lest like a lion swollen with rage
he do devour my soul;
And piece-meal rent it, while there's none
his malice to controul.

If I have done this thing, O Lord,
if I so guilty be;
If I have ill rewarded him
that was at peace with me;

Yea, have not oft deliver'd him
that was my causeless foe,
Then let mine enemy prevail
unto mine overthrow.

Let him pursue and take my soul;
yea, let him to the clay
Tread down my life, and in the dust
my slaughter'd honour lay.

Arise in wrath, O Lord, advance
against my foes' disdain;
Wake and confirm that judgment now
which Thou did'st foreordain.

So shall the people round about
resort to give Thee praise;
For their sakes, Lord, return on high,
and high Thy glory raise.

The Lord shall judge the people all;
O God, consider me
According to my righteousness
and mine integritie.

The wicked's malice, Lord, confound,
but just me ever guide;
Thou art that righteous God by whom
the hearts and rains are try'd.

God is my shield, Who doth preserve
those that in heart are right;
He judgeth both the good and those
that do His justice slight.

Unless the wicked turn again,
the Lord will whet His sword;
His bow is bent, His quiver is
with shafts of vengeance stor'd.

The fatal instruments of death
in that preparèd lie;
His arrows are ordain'd 'gainst him
that persecuteth me.

Behold the wicked travelleth
with his iniquitie;
Exploits of mischief he conceives,
but shall bring forth a lye.

The wicked diggèd, and a pit
for others' ruine wrought;
But in the pit which he hath made
shall he himself be caught.

To his own head his wickedness
shall be returned home;
And on his own accursèd pate
his cruelty shall come.

But I, for all His righteousness,
the Lord will magnifie;
And ever praise the glorious Name
of Him that is on high.

GLORIA TO PSALM XXIII

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 one consubstantial Three,
All highest praise, all humblest thanks,
 now and for ever be.

INTRODUCTORY:

“By the same [George Herbert] Orator of [the] University at Cambridge: pinned on the curtaine of the picture of the old Sir John Danvers, who was both a handsome and a good man. Sir John Danvers, senior, married Elizabeth Nevill, fourth daughter and co-heiress of John, Lord Latimer. She re-married Sir Edmund Carey. George Herbert of Bemerton, having been in the first year of his age in 1594, when Sir John Danvers, senior, died, could only have known his character by report:” Aubrey and Jackson’s *Wiltshire*, p. 224. There is nothing in the style of these lines to connect them with Herbert.

ON SIR JOHN DANVERS

PASSE not by;
Search, and you may
Find a treasure
Worth your stay.
What makes a Danvers
Would you find?
In a fayre body
A fayre mind.

Sir John Danvers' earthly part
Here is copied out by art;
But his heavenly and divine
In his progenie doth shine.
Had he only brought them forth,
Know that much had been his worth.
Ther's no monument to a sonne:
Read him there, and I have done.

INTRODUCTORY:

From the monument in the church of Dauntsey.

DATE:

Dr. Grosart writes: "There was but one Lord Danvers, viz.: Henry Danvers, second son of Sir John Danvers, Kt. by Lady Elizabeth, daughter of John Nevil, Lord Latimer. He was born at Dauntsey, Wilts, 28th. of June, 1573; created Baron Danvers in 1603, and Earl of Danby, 7th. of February, 1625-6. He died 20th. of January 1643-4, and was buried at Dauntsey. The death of Lord Danvers in 1643-4 makes it clear that the lines inscribed on his monument, and to which contemporaneously was added the name of G. Herbert, must have been composed by him for some other and applied to Lord Danvers, he having predeceased the Earl in 1632-3." A simpler explanation of these opposing dates is that the lines were erroneously attributed to Herbert, of whose style they show little trace.

NOTES:

5. *Weares* = wears away.

7. "The tears which are shed for him by mourners dissolve thy frame:" A. B. Grosart.

ON LORD DANVERS

SACRED marble, safely keepe
His dust, who under thee must sleepe
Untill the graves againe restore
Theire dead, and time shal be no more. 4
Meanwhile, if hee (which all thinges weares)
Doe ruine thee, or if the tears
Are shed for him dissolve thy frame,
Thou art requited; for his fame,
His vertues, and his worth shal bee
Another monument for thee. 10

INTRODUCTORY:

The Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James I, was born in Scotland, August 19, 1596. On February 14, 1612-13, she married Frederic V, Duke of Bavaria and Elector Palatine of the Rhine, who in 1619 was elected King of Bohemia. Defeated and driven from his domains by the Emperor Ferdinand, he died at Mainz, in 1632. Elizabeth died in London in 1661-2, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. She was the mother of Prince Rupert. Poems in honor of her were written by many poets of the day, among them Dr. Donne. That by Sir H. Wotton is probably the best known. Quarles was at one time in her service. In 1619 Sir Francis Nethersole resigned the Oratorship at Cambridge in order to become her Secretary, and Herbert was appointed Orator in his place.

TO THE QUEENE OF BOHEMIA

BRIGHT soule, of whome if any countrey knowne
Worthy had bin, thou hadst not lost thine owne;
No Earth can bee thy Jointure, For the sunne
And starres alone unto the pitch doe runne
And pace of thy swift vertues; onely they 5
Are thy dominion. Those that rule in clay
Stick fast therein, but thy transcendent soule
Doth for two clods of earth ten spheres controule.
And though starres shott from heaven loose their
light, 9
Yet thy brave beames, excluded from their right,
Maintaine their Lustre still, and shining cleare
Turn watrish Holland to a chrystalline sphere.
Mee thinkes, in that Dutch optick I doe see
Thy curious vertues much more visibly.
There is thy best Throne, for afflictions are 15
A foile to sett off[f] worth and make it rare.
Through that black tiffany thy vertues shine
Fairer and richer. Now wee know what's thine,
And what is fortune's. Thou hast singled out
Sorrowes and griefs, to fight with them about 20
At their owne weapons, without pomp or state
To second thee against their cunning hate.

DATE:

Dr. Grosart has printed this, for the first time, from the Harleian Manuscript 3910, pp. 121-2, where it appears with the letters G. H. at its head. That it was written by Herbert there is no other evidence. It is not unlike Herbert's early style; but the allusions in the poem itself are suspicious. The Queen is represented as living in Holland after the overthrow of her cause. In Holland she did live at intervals during the last ten years of her husband's life; but her residence there was more continuous after his death. The compliment, too, of l. 34, that an *undivided Majesty* is still to be seen in her face, suggests that her husband is dead. If so, Herbert could not have written the poem, as he and Frederic died in the same year.

METRE:

The same as that of THE CHURCH MILITANT, VI, 119.

O what a poore thing 't is to be a Queene,
When scepters, state, Attendants are the screene
Betwixt us and the people! When-as glory 25
Lyes round about us to helpe out the story;
When all things pull and hale, that they may bring
A slow behaviour to the style of king;
When sense is made by Comments, but that face
Whose native beauty needs not dresse or lace 30
To serve it forth, and being stript of all
Is self-sufficient to bee the thrall
Of thousand harts, that face doth figure thee
And show thy undivided Majestye;
Which misery cannot untwist, but rather 35
Addes to the union, as lights doe gather
Splendour from darknes. So close sits the crowne
About thy temples that the furious frowne
Of opposition cannot place thee where 39
Thou shalt not be a Queene, and conquer there.
Yet hast thou more dominions: God doth give
Children for kingdomes to thee; they shall live
To conquer new ones, and shall share the frame
Of th' universe, like as the windes, and name
The world anew. The sunne shall never rise 45
But it shall spy some of their victories.
Their hands shall clipp the Eagle's winges and
chase

NOTES:

- 17. *Tiffany*=gauze.
- 20. *About*, probably *a bout*.
- 47. The Imperial Eagles.
- 53. Do not fear to let your sons engage in war.
- 56. *Thence*=Bohemia.
- 62. Holland.
- 66. *Meet their taste*=fit for their taste.

Those ravening Harpyes, which peck at thy face,
At once to Hell without a baiting while
At Purgatory, their enchanted Ile, 50
And Paris garden. Then let their perfume
And Spanish sents, wisely layd up, presume
To deale with brimstone, that untamed stench
Whose fier, like their malice, nought can quench.
But joyes are stor'd for thee; thou shalt returne
Laden with comforts thence, where now to morne
Is thy chief government, to manage woe,
To curbe some Rebell teares which faine would
flow,

Making a Head and spring against thy Reason.
This is thy empire yet, till better season 60
Call thee from out of that surrounded Land;
That habitable sea and brinish strand,
Thy teares not needing. For that hand Divine,
Which mingles water with thy Rhenish wine,
Will power full joyes to thee; but dregs to those
And meet their taste who are thy bitter foes. 66


NOTES:

2. Psalm i, 3.

10. *Maine*=the ocean.

L'ENVOY

SHINE on, Majestick soule, abide
Like David's tree, planted beside
The Flemmish rivers; in the end
Thy fruite shall with their drops contend;
Great God will surely dry those teares, 5
Which now that moist land to thee beares.
Then shall thy Glory, fresh as flowers
In water kept, maugre the powers
Of Divell, Jesuitt, and Spaine,
From Holland sail into the Maine: 10
Thence wheeling on, it compass shall
This oure great Sublunary Ball,
And with that Ring thy fame shall wedd
Eternity into one Bedd.



Salisbury Cathedral, to which Herbert went twice each week for music. See p. 172. Its spire, 404 feet high, is seen from the Rectory.



F. Frith & Co., Photo.

TEXTUAL VARIATIONS OF THE
MANUSCRIPTS

TEXTUAL VARIATIONS

JUSTICE (p. 13):

1. For *thy* B. reads *my*.

AFFLICTION (p. 33):

12. For *prick* B. reads *pink*.

THE GLIMPSE (p. 49):

5. For *for* B. reads *to*.

HOME (p. 85):

On p. 570 of the Rawlinson Manuscript 213, in the Bodleian Library, stanzas i, xi, and xii of this poem are given, the twelfth stanza alone having the refrain.

THE DAWNING (p. 93):

9. For *dost* B. reads *doe*.

VERTUE (p. 95):

7. For *its* B. reads *his*.

THE CHURCH MILITANT (p. 119):

11. For this line W. reads :

Thou didst rise early for to plant this vine.

16. For this line W. reads :

All emblems which thy Darling doth improve.

20. For *from* W. reads *to*.

32. For *allows* W. reads *gives them*.

33. For *depart* W. reads *be gone*.

49. For this line W. reads :

Thence into Greece she fled, where curious Arts.

52. For *fisher's net* W. reads *fisher-nett*.

59. For *And spent* W. reads *Spending*.

- 60-62. For these lines W. reads :

*Before the other two were in their prime :
From Greece to Rome she went, subduing those
Who had subdued all the world for foes.*

64. For *hath* W. reads *had*.

76. For *tune* W. reads *cleanse*.

78. For *did erect her throne* W. reads *took possession*.

104. For *Journeying* W. reads *Coasting*.

123. For *poore* W. reads *small*.

133. For *both* W. reads *in*.

137. For the second *to* W. reads *so*.

148. For *affliction* W. reads *afflictions*.

151. For *trimme* W. reads *spruse*.

157. For *Onely the West* W. reads *Europe alone*, but this is then erased.

160. For this single line W. reads the following three:

*Traditions are accounts without our host.
They who rely on them must reckon twice,
When written Truths shall censure man's devise.*

168. For *had more of* W. reads *was liker*.

180. For *free dispensings* W. reads *dispensations*.

190. B. omits *his*.

193. For *finely work each* W. reads *both kings and many a*.

194. For *into* W. reads *unto*.

198. For *and* W. reads *or*.

201-204. For these lines W. reads:

*Who brought his doctrines and his deeds from Rome :
But when they were unto the Sorbon come,
The waight was such they left the doctrines there,
Shipping the vices onely for our sphere.*

229. For *yeare* W. reads *day*.

232. For *proportions* W. reads *proportion*.

248. For *times* W. reads *time*.

256. For the second *our* B. and W. read *her*.

258. For *But lends* W. reads *Lendeth*.

267. For *the* W. reads *their*.

271-273. For these lines W. reads:

*Like comick lovers ever one way runn,
Thus also sinne and darknes constantly
Follow the Church and sunn where ere they fly.*

L'ENVOY (p. 141):

2. For *warre* W. reads *warrs*.

4. B. omits *in*.

11. For *say* W. reads *speak*.

17, 18. W. omits these lines.

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